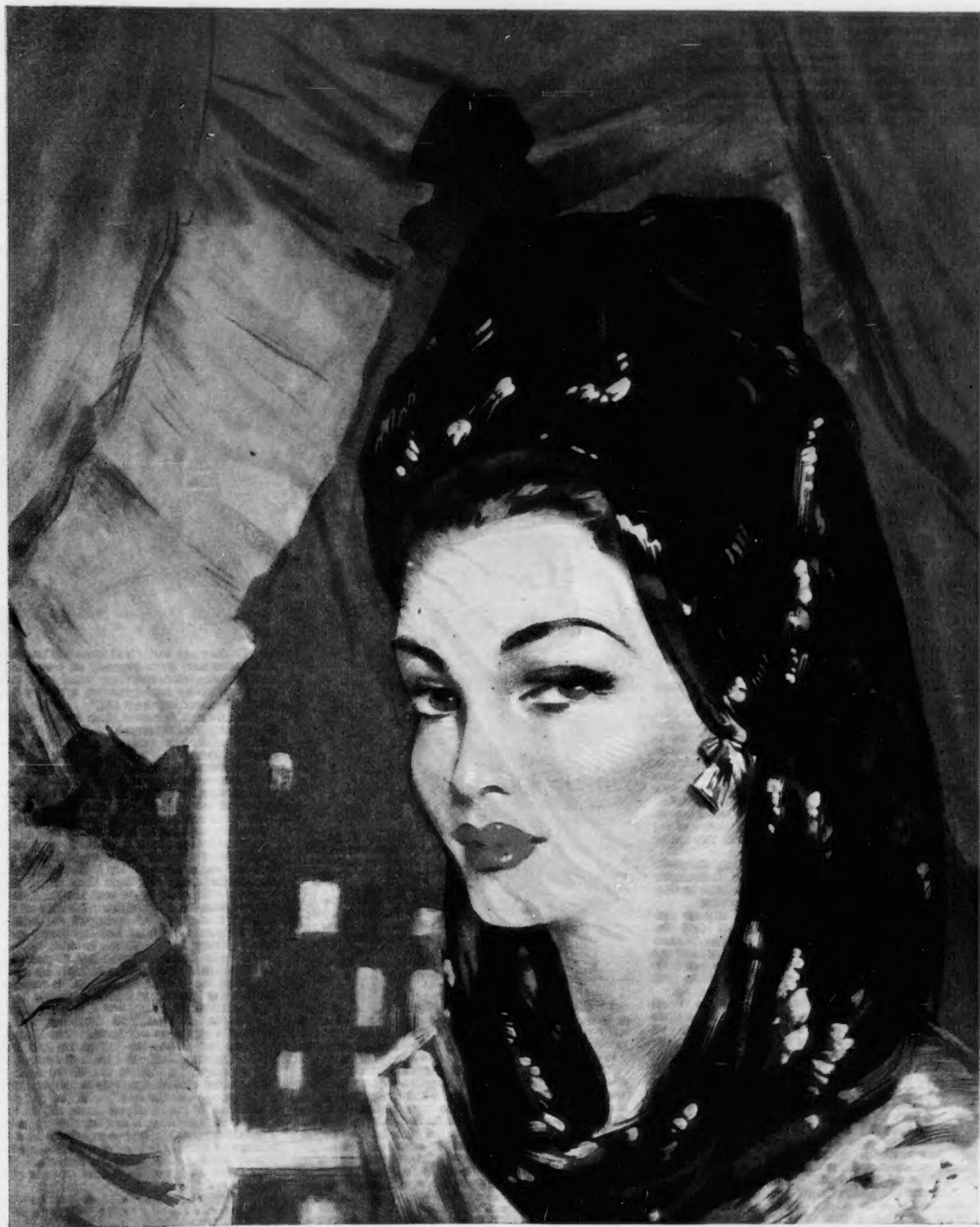


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Week of July 20, 1947



Beauty on Parade

A SERIES of PAINTINGS by
DAVID WRIGHT

By Warren Hall

"And just to put your good heart at rest," said Dr. Jekyll, "I will tell you one thing: the moment I choose, I can be rid of Mr. Hyde."

HE WAS wrong, because it is no easy matter for a schizophrenic to eliminate the undesirable half of his split personality, and no one should have known that any better than Dr. William Henry De Barque Hubert.

Over the same terrain where Robert Louis Stevenson's famous fictional character pursued his weird experiments more than a half century ago, Dr. Hubert, a brilliant London psychiatrist, delved almost as deeply into the mysterious potions that can transform a kindly physician into the personification of evil.

When Dr. Jekyll found he was unable to rid himself of the loathsome gnome into which he was transformed by a swallow of his potent drug, he died by his own hand.

Dr. Hubert, a reputable doctor by day but a conscienceless drug addict and dope peddler by night, died, too, the other day in London. Whether

Strange Double Life of Dr. Hubert



It was by design, by accident or by an act of God, a coroner's jury was unable to decide.

The overwhelming consensus was that Dr. Hubert, like his fictional prototype, had carried his experiments so far that he was unable to stop in time to save himself. Even the adoration of a beautiful young disciple was insufficient.

Ever since he began the practice of medicine two decades ago, Dr. Hubert had been deeply interested in schizophrenia, which is the scientific term for a split mind. His researches on the subject brought him early recognition and for some time he was psycho-therapist to the entire British prison system.

After he married Agnes Kindersley, daughter of Major Guy Kindersley, M.P., at a fashionable wedding in 1929, he was widely accepted in society and built up a large and lucrative practice.

Aside from his regular work, Dr. Hubert continued his studies into schizophrenia and the strange effects of some drugs on the human mind. He had little difficulty in locating subjects for his experiments while he was connected with the prison system, but after he gave up the post in 1938 he used himself as his own guinea pig.

At first there was no trouble. When he closed his office for the day, Dr. Hubert would absorb a little cocaine, morphine or barbiturates, and seek the company of other drug-users at various rendezvous of which he had learned from his prison associates.

There would be a gay party for two or three hours and then the psychiatrist would return to his office and record his own reactions as well as those he was able to observe in his companions. After a while it became increasingly difficult for Dr. Hubert to abandon these excursions in favor of other pursuits. When night came he had an irrepresible desire for the stimulus of drugs and the gaiety of the bright lights.

"In the beginning," said Dr. Jekyll, "the difficulty had been to throw off the body of Jekyll, but of late it had decidedly transferred itself to the other side. I was slowly losing hold of my original and better self, and becoming, slowly incorporated with my second and worst."

The time came when Dr. Hubert's nightly sojourns began to interfere with his daily rounds. His hands were so shaky in the morning that

he could hardly hold a stethoscope, much less a hypodermic syringe. His practice fell off until only a few of his oldest and most understanding patients remained. He became estranged from his wife and moved into a rooming house.

At night nothing mattered to Hubert except drugs and pleasure, but during the day he realized what was happening and tried desperately to snap himself out of it. He was aware that the drugs had an unbreakable hold on him, but he decided that he could be of the most use to science by confining himself to two of them.

One was mezzaline, a derivative of mescal, a plant which grows abundantly in Mexico. Comparatively little was known about mezzaline, except that it was one of the group commonly called "truth serums."

Dr. Heinrich Kliver, research professor at the University of Chicago, who had also tested mezzaline on himself, said it produced a sort of intoxication with delusions of color and music.

"I felt like a Walt Disney fantasy," he said.

Illustrated by A. S. PACKER

"I felt that my body had been cut in pieces with the torso and legs dancing in one part of the room while elsewhere my head and arms hovered, with my face grinning and my hands applauding what my legs did."

Dr. Hubert, however, was sure that mezzaline, if properly administered, could produce a mental condition akin to schizophrenia, and thus enable further study of that frightening affliction.

He called the other drug "caramine." It was comparatively new and he was apparently convinced that by taking it he could dissipate the effects of mezzaline just as Dr. Jekyll, by quaffing a certain concoction, could pull himself back from the dwarfed body of Mr. Hyde.

Both drugs were rare and expensive. His supplies of cocaine and morphine had not been cut off when his practice dwindled, so he began to peddle them in West End dives to obtain money. He sank lower and lower. His wife divorced him last December. In one of his "Mr. Hyde" moments, he wrapped an ether-soaked towel around his head and lay down to die, but his landlady discovered him in time.

Then he met Patricia Bailey, 27-year-old cousin of Viscount Allenby. She insisted on sharing his experiences. Police took them in custody when both were found unconscious in her apartment, but released them without filing charges.

On Dr. Hubert's 43d birthday, Patricia arranged a party to celebrate. The doctor felt a craving for mezzaline before he left his room. Although its effect on him had become increasingly severe, he felt it would be safe because there was a vial of caramine in the medicine chest.

"But toward the end," said Dr. Jekyll, "when the virtue of the medicine wore off, I would leap almost without transition (for the pangs of transformation grew daily less marked) into the possession of a fancy brimming with images of terror, a soul boiling with causeless hatreds, and a body that seemed strong enough to contain the raging energies of life."

When he decided to leave for the party, Dr. Hubert made his way to the bathroom and opened the medicine cabinet.

Perhaps the vial of caramine slipped from his nerveless fingers. Perhaps he swallowed a dose, discovered that it no longer was able to make him a normal being, and threw it from him.

At any rate, the glass was shattered on the floor and beside it lay the body of Dr. Hubert.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

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HOW I Stay YOUNG

By Nancy Carroll

"O H, Nancy Carroll," people say about me, "I remember her years ago when I was a kid."

Well, I was a "kid," too, back in those movie days of the late 20s and early 30s when in the period of seven years I made 28 pictures for Paramount, among them, "Abie's Irish Rose" and "Follow Through."

Now I'm constantly being asked how I manage "to stay so young."

I'm not nearly as old as some people think I am. I couldn't be. I'm still young enough to feel that I'm not old enough to give a recipe for everlasting youth. Yet, when my daughter, Patricia Kirkland, who's now an established actress in her own right, goes around bragging that she's all of 20 years of age, I can't claim to be in my "flirtie thirties."

When my mother—who had 12 children, six of whom are still living—wants sympathy, she can be ten years older than she actually is. She also can be 20 years younger—when she wants her way. I'm like her.

Besides, I'm red-haired and Irish. I guess those two reasons are as good as any for my supposedly tapping the Fountain of Youth.

I blame the red hair because of

the temper and temperament that are rumored to accompany it. On occasion, my friends call me "The Red Terror." Probably I deserve it, but when you can still get mad, you'll never be bored, and you'll find yourself constantly interested in things. I can be alone quite cheerfully. There are times when I'm lazy, but my mind insists upon being enter-

It's Easy to Stay Young, Says That Amazing Red-head, Nancy Carroll. Here She Tells the Secret of Her Method of "Staying Younger Longer." You Can Do It, Too.

tained, not necessarily by people, but by life itself...the wind, the rain, shadows and trees. I find peace and comfort in the ever-changing mood of things.

As for the Irish in me, it's said that the Irish mature very late in life, if indeed they ever do. What's most important, I think, is that the Irish have the gift of laughter.

More and more I've come to realize that the ability to laugh and not to take things or one's self too seriously is the difference between laugh lines, which make a person young and gay, and the scowl of discontent which breeds wrinkles and age.

If, in the eyes of my friends, I appear younger than my years, it is because those friends help me to stay young. There is a great vitality in being devoted to people and having them devoted to you. It is a part of life essential to a happy outlook.

Someone might say, "It's all right for Nancy Carroll to talk. She has money and nothing to do except enjoy herself."

Whatever money I have, I earned. In the days when such cynical critics were going to high school proms, I was working 18 hours a day in films.

I made my last picture eight years ago, and didn't like myself too much in it. For the past five years, I've been appearing in plays throughout New England, besides running a home and raising my daughter.

An actress has the advantage in one sense. She has learned the hard way the value of making the most of herself; of emphasizing her good points; of the salutary effect of poise and posture; of dressing within her income and not beyond nor beneath her years, but to her own style.

It's amazing how plain women can appear beautiful today, if they'll only make the effort. I believe it's right and kind to try to be as fascinating and lovely as you can.

For a woman of my indeterminate years, I weigh almost what I did when I was Abie's Irish Rose. Nothing adds age as much as added weight. For my five feet four inches, I tip the scales at 120 pounds. When I discover I don't fit into a size 12 dress, I watch my diet.

Around the corner from my home in New York City is the Barbizon Hotel for Women. I joined its gymnasium and almost daily drop over for a workout. Exercise and massage do wonders for the figure.

I'm a great advocate of self-improvement. I take courses in everything, but must confess, don't always finish them. I took one lesson in Chinese. But after I learned the Chinese have no word for "no," I lost enthusiasm.

Perhaps the reason for my starting things and not always finishing

them is because to me variety really is one of the spices of life. I don't want to get in the well-known rut.

Avidly, I read the articles in the newspapers and magazines by the beauty experts. Occasionally, I follow their advice. The greatest single contribution I make to the care of myself is sleep—and lots of it.

I even developed a cure for insomnia. It's to listen. Instead of brooding over what might be on my mind, I reach out for sounds in the night. It might be the fog horn on a boat plowing up the East River... or the ramblings of the "El" on Third Avenue... or just plain street noises. The concentration on these extraneous sounds leaves little room for pondering problems. It soothes and relaxes and soon I am asleep.

Last, but not least, this red-haired Irishwoman has one other must on her formula for youth. If I feel like feeling good and bad, I feel good and bad, but not for long because that way I get it out of my system.

When all of us can see the humor of self-pity, we'll laugh at ourselves, and stay younger longer.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

By Clint Johnson

ROMANCE claimed one of the original pin-up girls the other day when Miss Frances Donnell Lurman became the bride of Dorsey Williams, retired master of hounds, in Baltimore's University Hospital.

Unlike Hollywood pin-up girls whose likenesses adorn bulkheads, barracks and bars, a portrait of Mrs. Williams is due to hang in a most unusual and exclusive setting—a proposed \$600,000 lecture hall at Johns Hopkins University.

The former Miss Lurman was selected as one of "Ten Loveliest Women in Baltimore" by Alfred Jenkins Shriver, attorney, clubman and bachelor, and when he died in 1939 he left money to build the hall as a shrine for the paintings of the lovely

LONG, LONG ROMANCE OF A *Lovely Lady*



There Was a Time When Mrs. Williams Could Take a Five-Foot Fence, Reins in One Hand and a Mint Julep in the Other, Without Spilling a Drop of the Drink.

"Make it about 78," said Williams. Friends said Williams had built three "dream houses" during the long courtship. Just before World War II, discouraged by another refusal, he finally quit building and selling them. Mr. and Mrs. Williams plan to live at "Farmlands," the historic Lurman estate at Baltimore.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Williams was living at "Farmlands," with only a relative and a servant to help her take care of the big old place, when a heart attack necessitated her quick removal to the hospital.

She was dangerously ill for some time, then she started on the road to recovery. Shortly thereafter she startled her doctor, her nurses and her numerous socially-prominent relatives by announcing she was going to marry Dorsey Williams, who had called on her during her illness.

Once she had made up her mind, there was little delaying. She ordered a gown of blue satin, sent off a few letters, made a few telephone calls—and was married.

Her bridegroom, whose stalwart, six-foot-two figure is as straight today as it was 50 years ago and whose sweeping white mustaches, frosty gray eyes and ruddy complexion make

him look every inch the successful country gentleman, picked a minister, a best man and bought a license and a bouquet.

They say he didn't have to buy a ring—that he used the one he'd bought years ago when he first sought to make Miss Frances his bride.

That, incidentally, was back in the days when one of his best-known parlor tricks was to take a 25-cent piece between thumb and forefinger of his right hand and, without apparent effort, bend it double.

That's one of the stories about Mr. Williams. There's a tale to match it about his bride, too.

Of Miss Lurman it's said that, in the days when she was breaking hearts from Richmond to Newport and seldom missed a meeting of the hunting set, she would demonstrate her ability as a horsewoman—if properly urged—by mounting her favorite hunter, side-saddle, of course, picking up the reins in one hand, a mint julep in the other and take a five-foot fence without spilling a drop.

Today, with that part of her life well behind her, there still remains about the new Mrs. Dorsey Williams

Illustrated by WILLIAM RANDALL

much of the vivacity, charm and beauty that led to her selection as one of Baltimore's "10 loveliest ladies" whose portraits, done in oil, eventually are to adorn the walls of a lecture hall—still to be built—on the Johns Hopkins campus.

Money for the building and the portraits was provided in the will of Alfred Jenkins Shriver. After various bequests to relatives, Mr. Shriver's will stipulated that the balance of his estate—figured at that time to be close to a million dollars—be used for the hall and the portraits, providing Johns Hopkins accepted the gift. The university trustees "accepted with thanks."

That's just about as far as the project has gone, however. The war stopped building and materials aren't

yet plentiful enough to permit a start on the structure.

When the Shriver will revealed the 10 ladies the old gentleman had picked for his own private beauty contest winners there was a lot of quiet eyebrow-raising around the staid old University Club, where he had spent most of his later years.

Although a bachelor, Mr. Shriver, it appeared, had been observant of the wives of his many friends. The list included only two unmarried ladies, Miss Lurman and Miss Lola Robinson, who has since died.

Three others had died before Mr. Shriver, but that made little difference to the project, since he had stipulated that all were to be painted "as they appeared at the height of their beauty."

There was considerable speculation until recently as to whether anyone would be able to collect photographs or paintings of the "Lovely Ten." Then one of the group, Mrs. James Teackle Dennis, admitted she had such a collection.

Furthermore, she added, she intends to guard it well and see that the pictures "get into the hands of no one except the artist who eventually is commissioned to do the portraits under the Shriver will."

As for Miss Lurman—now Mrs. Dorsey Williams—she has never amplified the statement she made at the time the startling stipulation in the will was announced. Said she:

"I am strongly disinclined to appear in such a group. I am quite sure Mr. Shriver did not have my picture. I am not a beauty and I am not going to be painted."

subjects of his own selection.

He ordered them painted as they appeared at the height of their beauty; which means no swim suits or scanty playsuits because the 10 were toasts of Baltimore bon vivants back in the Gay 90s.

That was when Dorsey Williams began courting Frances Lurman—and proposing marriage. He got a rejection with every proposal, or a deferment, until last spring. A reporter asked for the ages of the happy couple.



By William Engle

OUT OF the Rhineland and into the poppy fields of Belgium swept the gray-green hordes of the Hun. It was August, 1914, and the fearful panorama of World War I was beginning to unfold. The world waited, edition to edition, for news of the conflict.

But news was something undeserved by a waiting world. That was the attitude, then, of the British and French war offices. Official communiques should suffice; communiques brief and dry to the point of being unintelligible. Censorship that was untruthful.

Lord Northcliffe in England rebelled. William Randolph Hearst in the United States rebelled. Defying censorship, tearing away the curtain of secrecy that hid from their elders the war their sons were fighting, they staked their careers and the destinies of their great newspapers on a determination to get the truth and tell it.

Being what they were, they couldn't have done otherwise. They had built their newspapers on news; "the raw material of public opinion," Lord Northcliffe called it. Now, as the green of midsummer deepened in 1914, they met a challenge not paralleled before.

They had foreseen aspects of that challenge. For decades there had been preliminaries. There had been omens. "International incidents," they were called. The Kaiser from the start of his reign had been rattling the sabre; coddling the idea of the Germans' need for commercial outlets; grandiosely dreaming of world empire.

Away back in July, 1898, their warships had stood by, ready to pounce, when Admiral Dewey took Manila. The delusion of Pan-Germanism had kept growing, and when France had pushed into Morocco in 1911 the German gunboat Panther had suddenly appeared at Agadir, where Germany had rich concessions; the Germans, it seemed, were bent on resisting French control, and both France and Germany sent troops to their borders. But Britain took a stand beside France, and the Germans backed down.

With the harvest in, in 1914, the series of "international incidents" was over. This time the Pan-Germans meant war—Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Hearst were ready to cover the news.

In New York, tall, patrician Bradford Merrill, managing editor of the New York American, marshalled the far-flung forces for Mr. Hearst. "The Silver Fox," they tagged him—suave and shrewd and tireless. He worked out a code and knew what to expect of Mr. Hearst's men everywhere.

THEY, in turn, as tranquil Belgian valleys grew thunderous with carnage, knew what was expected of them. They had to get the news back past the Allied censors, and when the censors tried to block them, they had to resort to a wise, prearranged deception. Sometimes they cabled a counterpart of shrewd double-talk; sometimes they wired in expensive code. They even had one code in which on a certain day only every sixth word had significance; on the succeeding day, every seventh word. They'd spend a dozen words to get one revealing word by.

In England, Lord Northcliffe's papers, by arrangement with Mr. Hearst, received the Hearst men's news, too, but often they couldn't publish it. Censorship stifled them. It enraged them, also; from the start Lord Northcliffe was certain he would have to rend the veil of secrecy with which his government hid its losses in the field.

To Americans, the Hearst war correspondents' stories made the losses apparent. They made real the plight of Belgium's old strongholds. Before one of these, Liege, ringed by its forts, the

Germans halted. Liege, in August, 1914, was more than a town. It was a symbol of whatever impregnability hallowed fortifications could afford. The Germans, with high explosive shells, attacked that symbol.

While others had the invaders approaching the town, but far away, the Hearst men rightly placed them at the gates. While others had them attacking, Hearst men had them through the gates, across the Meuse's bridge. The news beats were a full day ahead.

"Liege Has Fallen." The Hearst newspapers, with a special cable from Berlin by way of Amsterdam, told the story on August 9. It was 24 hours later when others reported, "Germans Capture Liege."

How did it happen? How could Liege fall? The questions puzzled the world. The answer was as simple as it was deadly. The Allies were depending on shrapnel; the Germans had high explosive shells—mortar shells—as epochal in warfare then as the atom bomb is now.

Against the ill-armed, undermanned Allies, they fired Big Bertha's 800-pound missiles seven miles. Their mighty guns spread horror, although bravery did halt panic. On the sixth day of Liege's defense, their siege train moved up and smashed the steel and cement cupolas which

protected the guns of the forts. With great shells from a 42-centimeter howitzer, they finished off the destruction.

One more "impregnable" town on the Meuse the Belgians had: Namur. Like Liege, its fortifications crumbled under the German assault; the Belgians shifted their capital to Antwerp. Mr. Hearst's men, pouring in their dispatches to the Silver Fox in New York, again sent first word of the debacle—the fall of Namur, long before Liege was officially admitted.

KARL VON WEIGAND was in charge, then, of the news gathered on the side of the Triple Alliance (Germany, Austria-Hungary and the laggard turncoat, Italy); C. F. Bertelli was news chief in the area of the Triple Entente (England, France and Russia). If one didn't cable something vital back, to supplement the fantastically inadequate official communiques, the other did. American newspaper readers kept abreast of the war; if English readers (deceived by censorship) didn't, at least Lord Northcliffe was piling up material on which presently to make his great stand against censorship, against government policy, against a war almost lost in behalf of all the English people.

Meanwhile, the gray-green legions of the Prus-

In the Fight for Truth, the Hearst Newspapers Reported the Sinking of Britain's Newest, Biggest Dreadnaught, HMS Audacious, and It Was One of the Great Newspaper Beats of World War I. The Admiralty Promptly Denied It, and Didn't Retract the Denial Until Two Days After the End of the War.

of the PRESS



Illustrated by JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

till took one of these. At Meaux, hardly a dozen miles from Paris, he alighted, strode off with his basket and presently was in open country.

"SUDDENLY I was on a battlefield," he said afterward. "Abandoned equipment lay everywhere, and so did the dead. Away at the northeast I could hear the guns. 'I walked on until I came to an old inn. A caretaker let me see the dining room, where the table was set for a banquet. The Germans had been there, he said, preparing to celebrate the capture of Paris for the German Crown Prince. They'd left because victory had abruptly been turned into retreat.'"

Bertelli knew it was a great story, exclusively his own, and back in Paris he paid out his last franc to send it as an overhead message, taking precedence over news dispatches. In that way it got by the censors—and his was the first graphic description of the great German withdrawal from Paris.

Foch, on orders from Joffre, had struck the extended flank of Von Kluck. The German retreat and the battle of the Marne had begun.

If the censors didn't like that kind of timely, truthful reporting, they liked less the story of Britain's greatest battleship.

In early October, to the Silver Fox in New York came an exclusive cable from the Irish coast. An English battleship had been sunk, it said, but censorship withheld the name. A few days later, in a letter from Ireland, came the real news. The ship was HMS Audacious, Britain's newest, greatest dreadnought.

The story and a stock picture of the Audacious made a Page One smash. The big ship had struck a mine in the Irish Sea. The White Star liner Olympic had stood by and saved the crew.

It was an outstanding news beat, except in one respect, the British Admiralty promptly denied the whole report.

The Hearst newspapers didn't retract it, however; they trusted their correspondents and waited. On Nov. 15, from a correspondent aboard the Olympic at Lough Swilly, Ireland, came full verification, and an eyewitness story. Besides that, there was a spot picture of the sinking ship and Olympic rescuers at work.

An amateur photographer, a steward on the Olympic, had made the photograph, taken it to a news agency in London, and it had been sent to International News Service's chief, Edward Hatrick, in New York. Mr. Hatrick sold it to the Silver Fox for \$500, and he published it eight columns wide on Page One, with the eyewitness account of his correspondent.

It was not until Nov. 13, 1918, two days after the war was over and four years after the Audacious went down, that the New York Times published the climax of the episode. It said:

"London, Nov. 13.—The Admiralty tonight made its first official announcement of the loss of the battleship Audacious, which sank after striking a mine off the North Irish Coast on Oct. 27, 1914...."

SUCH a policy of "Hush, hush," and deception both saddened and incensed Lord Northcliffe. "We can't carry on this war in the dark," he declared. "No people kept in ignorance of the truth will consent to make the tremendous sacrifices which are going to be required."

He knew what was taking place, in 1914 and 1915, as German high explosive took its toll of English youth. He had the vivid stories written by Mr. Hearst's correspondents, and even though he could not publish many of them, he was accumulating grounds for the stand he was to take—a stand against the Allied policy of secrecy.

He knew that England must conscript, that

high explosive shells must replace ineffective shrapnel, and that a long, terrible way lay ahead, not a picnic. Against him was the government and the vast weight of public opinion. His task, he saw, was to remold public opinion; to risk his newspapers and if necessary his career to save England.

He made a bold and brave decision. He turned against his old friend, Lord Kitchener, the idol of the people, the Secretary of War, the leader for whom everywhere the rallying cry was, "Kitchener or ruin!"

He didn't believe it was "Kitchener or ruin," and on May 21, 1915, he struck the blow.

"THE TRAGEDY OF THE SHELLS." That was the headline. "LORD KITCHENER'S GRAVE ERROR." That was the subhead.

"Lord Kitchener," said the historic challenge, "has starved the army in France of his explosive shells."

"The admitted fact is that Lord Kitchener ordered the wrong kind of shell—the same kind which he used against the Boers in 1900! He persisted in sending shrapnel—a useless weapon in trench warfare."

IN measured understatement, Lord Northcliffe then made the blanket charge:

"The kind of shell our soldiers have had has caused the death of thousands."

Within a few hours after his newspapers went to press, the country rose against him.

"Never has a fouler blow been struck than this blow of Northcliffe's against Kitchener." That was the charge which R. Macnair Wilson, friend of Northcliffe, said rang then from one end of the country to the other.

Idolators of Kitchener strode the streets of London in rage. They chanted venom against Lord Northcliffe. They stamped on his papers and spat on them, and on that day on the London Stock Exchange, they publicly burned the Daily Mail and The Times.

Thousands took pledges never to read Northcliffe papers again; threatening letters poured into the Daily Mail office in Carmelite House; demands were made on the Government to arrest Lord Northcliffe as a traitor, send him to the Tower, and shoot him out of hand.

Lord Northcliffe didn't budge. He was willing to risk everything to tell the truth, just as in the United States, Mr. Hearst was willing to take the risk in the same cause.

Each faced the same opposition. Just as Northcliffe newspapers were burned in London, Hearst newspapers were burned in the United States, in one instance members of the vicious anti-Catholic group known as the Loyal Coalition going from Boston to Chicago to light the torch.

Incendiary pamphlets, attacking Lord Northcliffe, fluttered across London; so did incendiary pamphlets, attacking Mr. Hearst, flutter in this country. Reactionaries, it seemed, would stop at nothing to oppose the publishers whose objective was to report the facts and thus reveal the truth of the way the war was going.

Reporters for Mr. Hearst found later that the Loyal Coalition was backed by British money and had no less a figurehead than Ambassador Sir Auckland Geddes; they clinched the matter when they obtained a letter written by him on Embassy stationery in Washington when he was British Ambassador; the letter went from him to the Loyal Coalition in Boston, and the Boston American exposed the group.

Reactionary opposition, neither early in the war or later, made Mr. Hearst or Lord Northcliffe take a backward step. Within five days after exposure of the shortage of shells, Britain created a Ministry of Munitions. Within a month after Lord Northcliffe went, himself, to the front as guest of the Belgians and French, the British War Office began to permit correspondents to enter the previously barred zone of the armies.

Yet Mr. Hearst and Lord Northcliffe had to fight continually to keep the facts before the public. After Hearst newspapers in 1916 published a correct report of the greatest Zeppelin raid in England, with the Chicago papers saying "London in Flames from Zeppelin Raid," the matter was taken up in Parliament. The British lawmakers were so abashed by the plain fact that American newspapers would tell the truth about German airpower that they barred the use of cables and landwires to Mr. Hearst in Great Britain and its possessions.

FINALLY Mr. Hearst was told the wire rights would be restored if he would disclaim those responsible for the report, and he promptly replied in a Page One declaration that instead of dismissing any one, he preferred to reward those in his employ who insisted on printing news in spite of blundering censorship. The censors eventually had to back down as gracefully as they could.

In the end, in 1918, both Mr. Hearst and Lord Northcliffe saw everything they had fought for become essential if Germany was to be crushed. Manpower, conscription, air power, sea power—these the two publishers had held to be essentials, and in the end they were.

Above all these was one other essential. Victory couldn't have been won without it, and Mr. Hearst and Lord Northcliffe achieved it—the right to put the truth before the people.

sian hierarchs who were declaiming the cult of Mittel-Europa drove westward, always westward. Louvain was next; Louvain with its great university, its beautiful medieval library built in 1317 and housing 230,000 volumes. In a special cable, the Hearst newspapers told of its fate.

Then the battle line lengthened. Mons, Lille, Maubeuge, Le Fere fell. Rheims was overrun. Hearst newsmen, by straight cable or by code when the need arose, got the news back 24 hours to four days ahead of others, and then on a day of crisis Bertelli in the Paris office found censorship blocking him completely. He had one of the most significant reports of the war, and could not tell it.

"Anyway, I'll send a personal note," he told his assistants. He smiled grimly.

WHEN the cable editor of the New York American received it a little later, he knew, too, that it had double meaning, although this is all it said:

"I am dividing my staff, sending three to Bordeaux. I stay in Paris with two others."

The cable editor counseled with the Silver Fox. They deciphered what Bertelli meant; the Germans, having broken through, were sweeping on Paris itself; the French government was evacuating the capital and moving to Bordeaux; the French military were holding on in Paris.

Hearst newspaper headlines told the exclusive story: "French Government Evacuates Paris; Capital Moved to Bordeaux."

Again, soon afterward, Bertelli scored an historic feat—the turning point of the war.

Across Belgium and far down into southeastern France, in the early days of September, the battleline extended for 150 miles, and in the center the Germans were driving on Paris. But exactly where they were, no report said.

Bertelli set out to find the line.

"The taxicab army had been moving eastward out of the city," he said later. "They'd used everything on wheels that could carry soldiers and equipment. Everyone knew it was Paris' last stand."

Nevertheless, occasionally a little suburban train still ran, and disguising himself as a peasant, carrying a market basket filled in the city, Ber-

Del Monte Reporter: "What does it take to put a song over?"

Hoagy Carmichael: "Partly luck, but it really takes a variety of very special qualities."

"No hit tune really puts *itself* over. You've got to combine the best in arrangers, vocalists, bands, recordings, and radio.

"Roll 'em all into one and you've got a smooth song-selling team. Luck plays a part, perhaps, but the boys in my line are too good to pin it on that—or any one thing.

"In musical terms, it takes the right arrangement of many special qualities to put a song over."



Hoagy Carmichael, featured in Samuel Goldwyn's Academy-award winning production, "The Best Years of Our Lives."

*Leave out the luck, Mr. Carmichael, it's the same for good coffee —
7 of the world's choicest coffees make Del Monte great !*



Like putting a song over, it takes a *variety* of very special qualities to produce full coffee flavor. So you'll understand why we blend so *many* choice coffees in Del Monte.

Usual blends of 3 or 4 coffees just won't give you the *complete* coffee enjoyment you should get from a cup of good coffee—not by our standards anyway.

Flavor's always first with us—and we think it takes seven of the world's great coffees to get it.

We search the world for these very spe-

cial coffees. We say special because each one is selected for a particular flavor characteristic. Blended together, these qualities make the *richer, more* satisfying coffee flavor you'll find in a cup of Del Monte.

But say, why don't you be the judge? Try Del Monte. Sniff that heady, homey aroma. Then sample that flavor—that full, friendly, real coffee flavor that's so downright enjoyable, you'll want another cup.

Yes, you really will. Try Del Monte Coffee tomorrow.

2 GRINDS
—REGULAR & DRIP
in GLASS or CANS



*For richer
fuller flavor*

Del Monte Coffee
Seven great coffees in one

Umpires for BROKEN FAMILIES



By Paul I. Murphy

Judge Wilson Watched the Estranged Couple Embrace, After a Conference in His Chambers, and Gave Thanks That Another Innocent Child Had Been Spared the Heartbreak of a Broken Home.

"IT'S better that she go her way and I go mine," said an embittered young husband, recently returned to Boston from the Marine Corps.

"Why should you ask me all these questions about quarrels and heartaches?" he demanded of the attorney who had assured him he was a marriage counsellor with the estranged couple's best interests at heart.

"We want a divorce without all this interference."

Calmly, the counsellor, who had been assigned by Suffolk County's Probate Judge Robert Gardiner Wilson, Jr., to investigate this case, told the ex-Marine that if he wanted a favorable consideration before any county probate judge he would have to tell his story. (Probate judges handle all divorce cases in Massachusetts.)

As the young husband spoke, a story unfolded that could have happened to any married couple.

"She was the girl next door" and we were married right after we graduated from high school," the husband said.

"Our hopes were high and everything seemed to go well for us at first."

"We had two wonderful children."

"Eventually we accumulated some savings and bought a filling station. Soon we were making a neat profit."

"Then the war came along and I enlisted."

"My wife, working alone, wasn't able to manage our little business."

Soon, with debts piling higher and higher, she lost it.

"When I got out of service we were up to our necks in bills."

"We quarreled—endlessly."

"For months now I've been unable to get a job, and we have no way of paying our debts."

"All I can see is that it's better that she go her way and I go mine."

It wasn't so hopeless, however. Attacking the problem realistically, the counsellor found the man a position in a field where he could use his talents. From there on the reconciliation was assured.

"Had it not been for the assistance of our so-called investigators," Judge Wilson remarked as he recalled this problem, "the case most likely would have ended for all time in the divorce courts as scores of similar cases have."

For seven years, ever since his appointment to the bench, Judge Wilson has crusaded to cut down needless divorces.

"I have been deeply grieved over the growing number of broken marriages involving parents of small children," the Judge, who is the father of six, explains.

His anxiety led him frequently to ask parents to visit with him privately in his judicial chambers before their cases were dragged through the courts. Judge Wilson was convinced that the only thing many couples

needed to mend their marriages was proper psychological advice and understanding. To his growing satisfaction, bitterly estranged couples became friends again in his chambers.

There was a limit to the number of cases Judge Wilson could hear personally, however, so he suggested that competent attorneys be employed to extend free marital counsel to persons seeking divorce. Payment for such service, which may be anywhere from \$50 to \$150 per case, is made by the county.

One case, in which the Judge acted as mediator, involved a prominent Boston physician and his wife, a medical secretary.

"Neither spoke to the other when they arrived, separately, at my chambers," Judge Wilson relates.

"The wife, who is 16 years younger than her husband, blamed the doctor's family for the breakup. Since his mother owned the house where the couple lived, the entire family had the keys to the apartment."

"It was a common occurrence for the wife and husband to come home and find the place taken over by relatives."

"I advised them to move away. They took their children to a new home where there wouldn't be any in-law interference and inside of six

weeks I received a letter signed by both saying that the divorce plans were being discontinued and they never were happier."

The case of Ruth and George was more difficult and took several weeks of consultation with counsellors.

After five years of marriage Ruth charged that George had become cruel and abusive.

"He's always embarrassing me when he's had a few drinks, and he struck me before friends. Once he even tore my clothes," she told the counsellor.

"Ruth often locked me out all night," George countered. "Once I came home early and found another man there."

It was the father's pride in his four-year-old boy that eventually helped resolve the case into an agreement. The counsellor visited this boy in the home and gained his confidence sufficiently to learn that Sonny was "terribly afraid of daddy" because he often struck the boy's mother.

When the counsellor called this to George's attention, he was deeply repentant and promised to make amends.

"Why do you want to be free of your husband?" Judge Wilson asked a 19-year-old girl who, though she was the mother of a three-month-old daughter, had applied for a divorce.

"He no longer appeals to me without his uniform," was her frank reply.

The court counsellor appointed by the Judge discovered, after several talks with the girl, that it wasn't loss of the uniform but loss of the regular Navy allotment checks that bothered her.

A talk with the husband led to his securing a job that paid more money and the couple was reunited.

Judge Wilson points out that divorce frequently stems from either mental or emotional instability of husbands and wives alike.

Since the counsellor service has been adopted on a widespread basis—during the past three years—and the estranged are required, by law, to consult with a counsellor if there are dependent children, the number of divorces actually granted in Massachusetts has decreased by about 25 per cent.

Illustrated by K. AVERY

The Billygoat Persistently Sought to Eat the Oats the Colt Would Not Touch—A Nice Bit of Depredation That Led, First, to Open Rivalry, Then to an Enduring Stable Friendship.

By Dan Parker

RACE HORSES, themselves expensive pets, must have mascots to keep them happy when they aren't making countless mortals unhappy by "Also Ran" performances.

A plater's life is not a happy one if there's no pony, dog or rooster around his stable to entertain him before and after meals.

It gets a stake horse's nanny, too, if there's no billygoat or raccoon pal to solace him when he comes back to his quarters after blowing a six-length lead in the stretch.

Although the need for companionship is the most common reason for a race horse having a mascot, there are much more practical ones. For instance, Trainer Matt Brady found out, quite by accident, that the best way to make a horse eat his oats is to put a goat in the stall with him.

A billygoat from an adjoining stable one day wandered into the stall where Brady kept a colt that was off his feed. Sniffing the bucket of oats which the finicky thoroughbred had refused to touch, the goat poked his nose into the bucket and took a deep breath.

The dog-in-the-manger instinct aroused in the colt's breast, he nudged the goat away from his lunch. But, Billy returned time and again until the colt decided that the only way to foil Billy Buttinsky was by eating the oats himself.

It isn't every race horse that has a mascot who has toured the country in vaudeville. This rare distinction was enjoyed by Sergt. Byrnes, the good handicap horse of a decade back, owned by John Simonetti, a Jamaica barkeeper.

The Sergeant's pet was a female Irish terrier named Peggy Byrnes, a pipe-smoking canine prodigy which used to wow them on the Keith Circuit before vaudeville expired.



RACE HORSES and Their PETS

Trainer Roy Waldron, who had Gallahadion, 1940 Derby winner, and other great stake horses, trained an aardvark named Strabo once and never could get anything out of him until he gave the animal a mascot, a tame goose. Strabo took one gander at the honker and accepted her as his fine feathered friend for life. After that Strabo stopped laying eggs, figuratively, and the mascot took over that department.

George Odom's stable usually looks like the village pound. He has 18 dogs romping and barking around the place.

When Henry McDaniels conditioned Commander J. K. L. Ross's string, he kept a bear cub around the stables. Major Tom H. McCreery bought a tame raccoon as a pet for Thorson, his good old mudder. Whirlaway, the great money-winner, had to be escorted to the post by Pinky Brown on a lead pony who was the champ's constant stable companion.

Two winners of Racing's Triple Crown—Assault and Omaha—had to be pampered with pets. A tree-climbing mongrel is Assault's pal.

When Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons was training Omaha, he kept his Irish terrier in the horse's stall and the two dumb beasts became fast friends.

J. E. (Doc) Jones, the trainer,

10 July 20, 1947

An Equine Thoroughbred's Success on the Track Hangs Largely on What Kind of Life He Leads in His Stall

uses a mule for a lead pony and a mascot. Penny, a limpid-eyed cocker spaniel, is the constant companion of Colonel O. F., one of the many three-year-olds nominated for this year's Kentucky Derby.

A racing mascot story is told by Turfman Johnny Coburn.

"Don't think I'm giving you the needle" said Truthful Johnny, "when I tell you how my horse, Canyon, became a fish-eater. I had a black cat around the stable. It took a great shine to Canyon and the feeling was mutual—and this, mind you, was in the era before the betting machines were introduced here. Then one day, there was a blessed event.

"Canyon adopted the litter of kittens just as if they were his own family. While the mother cat was in the stall with her young 'uns, I

fed her some canned salmon. Well, sir, may I flunk the next five saliva tests if that hoss, Canyon, didn't start nibbling at the G.I. goldfish.

"The first thing I knew, the critter had developed a taste for fish and he wouldn't run his race if I didn't toss him a herring or let him sop up a saucerful of tuna every day. And it never showed up in the saliva test!"

Almost every newspaper reader is familiar with the story of Willis Sharpe Kilmer's Exterminator, 1918 Kentucky Derby winner affectionately known as Old Bones, and his series of pony pals. After Old Bones was retired at the age of nine, a pinto pony called Peanuts became his inseparable companion. When Peanuts became ill in 1933 Old Bones was so disconsolate he refused to eat and

rejected a Shetland pony offered as a substitute.

When Peanuts died and after a while Old Bones accepted the pony and grew so fond of Peanuts II that he again went on a fast when the mascot died in 1945. This time he chased a Shetland, offered as Peanuts III, around the paddock for 10 minutes he was so outraged. Finally he did accept the new pet. Within a year Old Bones died.

One of the strangest stories of racing pets tells how the late Willie Shields cured one of his string, Hunter Reigh, of being a stall-walker.

One day, an organ grinder wandered into the stable area at Sheepshead with a trained monkey.

Hunter Reigh was so fascinated by this strange creature that he stopped dead in his tracks and didn't resume walking until the organ grinder had left with his simian accomplice. Shields struck a bargain with him for the monkey and thereafter, Jocko resided in Hunter Reigh's menage.

From that day forth, Hunter Reigh was kept so amused by the simian's antics that he forgot all about his stall-walking habit.

All this may give system players the idea of withholding their bets on a horse, no matter how good his rating may be, until they have learned whether he has a mascot.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Illustrated by PAUL BROWN

Loyal Sons of Minnie Marx

By Elias Sugarman

IF THE gentle voice of Minnie Marx could breach the barrier of the hereafter, she might be saying to day: "Now, now, that isn't true. It can't be true. It's utterly absurd!" She'd be speaking of her zanies, and of the Hollywood report that as a troupe they are breaking up, this time really for good—never again as the Marx Brothers to grace stage or screen with inspired tomfoolery.

Two generations of show business remember her. They recall her as the driving force which put her sons before the public, first in vaudeville, finally in pictures and on the stage.

It was she, the wife of an humble tailor, herself once a sweatshop worker, who managed them, coddled them, guided and goaded them; gave them loyalty and faith; and saw them reach the pinnacle of fame she'd held out as their goal.

An influence like that couldn't die with Minnie Marx. That's the belief of troupers, the old days in their eyes. The Marx Brothers, they think, despite word from Gummo Marx, now a Hollywood actors' agent, will be back. Back together, somehow, in the glare of the klieg lights or the thin beam of a baby spot, for the gaiety of nations.

They've been, for 20 years, such a recurring phenomenon that they've seemed as indigenous to the land as sunny days. Thank Minnie Marx, her simple heart, no dream too bright for her boys.

Perhaps her father, the Marxes' half-legendary Hanoverian forbear who as a wandering magician roamed Germany, put show business in her blood and theirs. She never did forget that happy-go-lucky man. She had him in mind, when in the sweatshop-tailor days, she drew her family together and asked:

"How would you like to be actors? The whole world clapping for you?"

The young Marxes hooted and clapped their hands, as this was food and drink for Minnie Marx.

She got them on their way as the Four Nightingales. Only three were Marxmen: Groucho, Harpo and Gummo; the fourth was a girl soprano. Chico was elsewhere and Zeppo was still a babe in arms.

The Nightingales drew \$40 a week, and Minnie Marx made it do by such skimping as included a railway car deception. The older boys wore short pants and long stockings, spoke falsetto and traveled half fare until a shocking day.

On that day, a train conductor came upon one shaving in the washroom. Another was smoking a cigar.

"They grow so fast," said Minnie. She had thought they ought to learn musical instruments, and there had been money enough for one. It was Chico; he learned the piano.

"Never mind the lessons," said

She called the turns of the future. How she did that, neither she nor anyone else knows.

Why not? She had borne Leon ard, Arthur, Julius, Milton and Herbert; that is, as we know them, Chico, Harpo, Groucho, Gummo and Zeppo. Was it fame she heard calling them? She thought so. Thinking so, nothing thereafter in her life could stop her from giving fame its way.

Vaudeville, silent pictures, talkies, stage musicals—these triumphs, varying in degree, came to the boys, as the world knows, and lightened some of the world's shadows. No recalling the lighter side of American entertainment for a generation forgets "The Cocoanuts,"

"Animal Crackers," "Monkey Business," "Horse Feathers" and "Duck Soup."

Latest was "A Night in Casa

blanca." Gummo gave way to Zeppo, and Zeppo withdrew in 1931, so Groucho, Harpo and Chico have remained the trio best known.

Minnie Marx, born Minna Schoenberg, died in 1929. Samuel Marx, her husband, died in 1933. They are buried in New Mount Carmel Cemetery, Queens, an outlying borough of New York.

Now, Minnie Marx, by the world forgot, is quiet, there—and that's no sign that hers isn't a force which can bring zanies together again.

Harpo to Chico. "I will learn from you." Chico taught him "Love Me and the World Is Mine" and "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," on the piano, hit and miss.

"Now we will get you a job," said Chico. It was Chico who tried out at one of the old silent movie houses, and was told he was hired. It was Harpo who showed up to play under Chico's name.

He played his repertoire: the two tunes. All through the evening. And was fired. This worked in five movie houses, until the youths tired of the game. When they suggested that Harpo learn a musical instrument, he nodded.

"I'll take the harp," he said, knowing the family never would have enough money for a harp.

Minnie Marx disillusioned him. She got a second-hand, unstrung, \$40 harp.

"You asked for it," she said.

So Harpo taught himself to play the harp, holding it for a year on the wrong shoulder, and his artistry today is without benefit of such an academic nuisance as lessons.

Vaudeville barnstorming took the Marxes far from the New York tailor shop of their father, Samuel Marx. The sweatshop days of their mother began to dim.

In Nacogdoches, Texas, they made the break from propriety to lunacy, hardly knowing then that lunacy was their destiny. A fractious mule, outside, drew all the audience away. The boys were miffed. When the audience came back, they burlesqued every number. To their astonishment, the audience ate it up.

Again, in Brownsville, Texas, they tried the burlesquing and, thinking that this time it had flopped, ran off the stage and began to pack.

When a knock on their door interrupted them, Groucho answered. "All right, we'll be out and on our way."

"Don't leave!" the manager yelled. "The audience won't let the next act go on! You got to take a curtain call!"

Minnie Marx had known a long time that they were loons. Now they began to agree.



Those Zanies of Minnie Marx, Who Still May Write Another Chapter in Show Business: Top to Bottom, Chico, Harpo, Groucho and Zeppo.

Control for the DEVIL'S

By Edith Nourse Rogers

Representative of the 5th Congressional District of Massachusetts

As told to *The American Weekly*

THE TIME has come to regulate by state and federal laws the narcotics called barbiturates. We are still in the dark ages regarding these sleeping potions.

Once there was no Harrison Act to control the traffic in morphine, cocaine and heroin.

Once there was no statute to prohibit the production and distribution of marijuana.

It took many years, countless deaths, untold suffering, a steady crime wave over the nation before such laws went into the federal and state books.

After the Harrison Act was passed in 1914, it took 23 more years to outlaw marijuana.

As yet, advanced as we think we are, there is no general law, only some state statutes, to place restrictions on the sale of the deadly salts of barbituric acid, responsible for a steadily mounting list of accidental and suicidal deaths annually, a habit-forming opiate blamable for no one knows what degree of ill health among the whole population.

know the barbiturates as sleeping pills

or sleeping powders, the underworld calls them *Goof balls*.

I call them simple, deadly poison except where a physician's knowledge controls their use.

Before the 79th session of Congress began, more than two years ago, I was struck by a succession of what appeared to me to be perfectly inexcusable deaths, all attributed vaguely to "an overdose of sleeping tablets."

Conscious of the great moral and health victory that was won when the Harrison Act was adopted, I looked into this matter and introduced a bill which would regulate the barbiturate trade as rigidly as we now control the distribution of opium.

The bill was in the great mass of proposed legislation which remained unacted upon when the 79th session adjourned, and I promptly re-introduced it in the present 80th Congress.

In my preliminary studies I found that this country produces yearly 600,000 pounds of barbituric acid derivatives. Yet only a fraction of this is accounted for by doctors' prescriptions.

We know where the rest goes, of course.

It is sold directly to the user over drug store counters.

We can hardly glance through a newspaper without finding a new instance of how someone

made the purchase with the idea of suicide.

My figures show that coroners throughout the country returned certificates showing 403 suicides by barbiturates in 1945, twice as many as the year before.

Since 1937, suicides by this poison, so easy to obtain, have totaled 219 or more annually.

How many barbiturate deaths called "accidental" by coroners were really suicides, we have no means of knowing.

Aside from the clear cut cases of suicide, the figures show that accidental deaths due to barbiturates tripled from 133 in 1933 to 392 in 1945.

not a spectacular increase, perhaps, but certainly a gauge of the public's increasing use of this form of narcotic.

ALTOGETHER, barbiturates accounted for 795 deaths in 1945. This compares with 266 in 1935, 410 in 1942 and 520 in 1944.

I learned from the best medical authorities that many insomnia sufferers who place reliance on barbiturates to obtain a night's sleep soon find that they can never sleep without a constantly increasing dosage.

"Goof balls," I found, were being used by thrill-seekers in a manner hideously reminiscent of the "reefer parties" which were so common,



Illustrated by
NORMAN MINGO

In Some States Sleeping Tablets, or Goof Balls, Can Be Bought With the Ease One Buys Toothpaste.

CAPSULES

so degrading and so deadly, before we reach our law against marijuana.

It appeared in my inquiry that a new kind of drinker, due to a very short life was developing through alcoholic concoctions as modified by barbiturates "under the hip" realities which made their consumers dope fiends as well as alcoholics.

Last January 7, the famous aviator, Howard Hughes, was found dead in his bed at New York, killed by an overdose of barbiturates dissolved in a glassful of water.

Another splash in the newspaper was made by the death from barbiturates of the beautiful actress, Thyrja Jeanette Mack, last November.

There were similar tragedies in the past year made not only by the time of death of great promises of the victors.

But it is not of the law present in statutes that I speak, when I discuss the unregulated sale of barbiturates to be a deadly danger. It is the hundreds of comparatively unnoticed deaths and the great toll of mind and health in all quarters of the country that results from a fatal use of these poisons which we have so long considered as mere sedatives.

I was particularly shocked the other day when a woman told me that when over her baby was nervous she gave it a dose of barbiturate.

This is what we can expect just as long as sleeping tablets can be bought with the ease one buys cigarettes. In some states, it can be expected just as long as a prescription can be refilled numberless times in other states.

I say let there be both a federal law and a uniform state law, and let all enforcement agencies—federal, state, county and municipal—join in their enforcement.

We have not found it too complicated to apply a federal law to the many derivatives of opium.

Where the state laws against opium derivatives and cocaine and heroin are frequently stultified by the political influence of the high priced lawyers retained by those in dope traffic, it has been found that state laws aid the federal narcotics bureau, just as federal operatives help local police.

E. M. Rose, member of the Ohio House of Representatives, has introduced a bill seeking regulation of the handling, sale and distribution of barbiturates in his state. This is a step along the right line.

I hope that the American Pharmaceutical Association and I will get together before the end of this session of Congress and that our efforts will be joined to see that my present bill does not meet the fate of my previous measure, a death due merely to the lagging of legislation.

I am very much interested in the "model state law" proposed by the Pharmaceutical Association and see no objection except that it will take a long time for all 48 of the legislatures to adopt it.

OUR measures would do the following:

Make possession of barbiturates by individuals illegal except on prescription.

Restrict sales to prescriptions.

Forbid the refilling of prescriptions except those designated for refilling by a doctor.

Limit delivery of barbiturates to pharmacists and physicians.

Place tight controls on manufacturers.

The punishments provided in existing narcotics laws would apply.

Letters from the public to members of Congress would help in the passage of the bill for federal control. I ask for them for the prevention of future suicides and accidental deaths, for the preservation of the national health.

Because the possession of barbiturates and the use of barbiturates is increasing at a pace that might otherwise in time find all but the best informed people of the country using them, the enlightened person would not even keep them in his medicine cabinet.

If his well-being requires anything of the sort, he goes to a doctor and follows the doctor's instructions as to their use.

The smart person takes no chance that some one might find a box of "sleeping pills" at the wrong moment, as did Mrs. Floyd M. Gossett at Atlanta last February. She had quarreled with her husband. The tablets were handy.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



Thyrja Jeanette Mack, Young and Beautiful Showgirl, Died of an Overdose of Sleeping Pills.

She swallowed the contents of the box, telephoned her husband: "Good-by, darling, I love you" and fell dead.

The life of the vice-president of one of the biggest banks in New York, Rockwell Kent, a cousin of the artist, might have been saved last February had there not been a box of barbiturate tablets handy when a nervous breakdown threw him into what probably would have been a passing moment of despondency.

How nerve-jangled persons can prove a danger when they resort to barbiturates as a sedative was pointed up just recently when a California judge handed down a 30-day sentence to a man who had been driving his automobile in a "dream" induced by repeated doses of barbiturate pills.

That barbiturates are becoming a crime problem every law enforcement officer now knows.

Any habit-forming drug becomes a crime problem when its effects become widely known.

I am struck by the number of news accounts now appearing like that of a man who held up a New York drug store recently. The purpose of the hold-up was not to obtain money or morphine or cocaine but barbiturate tablets to sell to good ball players.

More significant even than that was the case at Providence, R. I., of the man who claimed he could not remember killing a man but might have done so because he was a confirmed user of barbiturates and occasionally had "blank spells."

My bill, which would simply insert the word "barbiturate" into existing federal laws controlling

narcotics, would appropriate one million dollars to set up machinery for enforcement.

From the grateful letters and desperate letters I have received since first introducing the bill, I am convinced it would be a million well spent.

We have universal opinion of experts that the sleep producing barbiturates are dangerous if not properly regulated.

We have statistics to prove that their unregulated use is increasing.

No one today would deny that it was necessary to include marijuana in the narcotics laws.

Then why this delay over the regulation of barbiturates?

The time has come.

ALARMED by the increasing toll of deaths from barbiturate poisoning, New York City health authorities have drafted measures to suggest to state control of the sale of common sleeping pills.

The measures, as promulgated by the Board of Health, provide that no barbiturate prescription shall be renewed unless the doctor authorizes it and specifies how often. Also, that all city druggists must keep records of how much barbiturates they buy and sell.

The board, a legislative body under the city charter, has been warning the trade of its program since last fall. Its enactments are final and may only be questioned in a court of law.



DAILY "CITY OF LOS ANGELES"



DAILY "CITY OF ST. LOUIS"



DAILY "CITY OF PORTLAND"



DAILY "CITY OF DENVER"



"CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO"
EVERY TUES. • THURS. • SAT.

**UNION PACIFIC
RAILROAD**



The Famous Fleet of Union Pacific "Cities" Streamliners

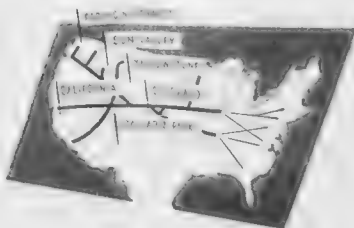
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* * *

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While F.B.I. Agents Withheld Their Fire in Fear of Injuring Children, Hoover Leaped From the Car Without His Gun, and Single-Handedly Subdued Alvin Karpis, One of the Nation's Toughest Hoodlum-Kidnapers.

No.1 G-Man

By Brent Mark

He's Never Lost A Friend!

THE man who is hated most by the enemies of America is as typically American as ham and eggs. Dust off the time-worn platitudes and wave the flag again! This is still the land of opportunity!

No more proof is needed than a look at the life of J. Edgar Hoover, America's top G-Man, who will observe his 30th anniversary with the F.B.I. next Saturday—by arriving at his office at 8 a. m. and working to 8 p. m., his custom.

There's nothing grandiose or pretentious about Hoover. He was reared in the southeast section of Washington, D. C. He ran errands for his mother, struggled with his lessons, played baseball and football like every other American boy and worried about his 98-pound weight.

Regular feller? Listen: Recently a charming California matron who was born in the same section of the capital as Hoover came with her husband to visit old Washington sites and dropped in on the world center of crime-busting.

Hoover, who never forgets a face, looked at her with a quizzical smile but made no sign of recognition. Suddenly the matron yelled:

"Why, Speed! Remember how you used to chase me down the street and pull my pigtail?"

Like most Americans, Hoover has been collecting friends ever since he was a kid, and he's never lost one. You can tell at what period of his life Hoover's friends knew him by what they call him. If the friend stems from his boyhood days he addresses the G-Man as "Speed." If he met him during his adulthood and early struggles he calls him "John." If he's a friend of more recent vintage the salutation is "Edgar."

Hoover evidenced his aptitude for leadership early. He wrote for the school paper at Central High. He was captain of the Cadet Corps, Company A. He was head of the school debating team and valedictorian for the class of 1913.

J. Edgar had to go to work to help support his family. He got a job in the Library of Congress and studied law at night. In 1916 he was graduated from George Washington University Law School.

He went to work for the U. S. Department of Justice. His ability told. He became special assistant to the Attorney General. In 1921 he was transferred to the Bureau of Investigation as assistant director.

The Teapot Dome scandal erupted and its tainted oil covered with shame

a cabinet minister who had taken a \$100,000 bribe, engulfed the notorious political boddlers under the dominance of ex-Attorney General Daugherty and caused the head of the Bureau of Investigation to quit.

The Bureau was reorganized. One man had escaped the mud-slinging—J. Edgar Hoover. Attorney General Harlan Fiske Stone called Hoover to his office on May 10, 1924, and offered him the job as director.

"I have only one condition," said Hoover. "No political domination."

"That's the only condition on which you can get it," replied Stone. Hoover, with the spirit that has made so many Americans great, began the task of building his organization into what today is a hard hitting, crime-smashing outfit.

He was unbelievably energetic, persistent, thorough. He coupled imagination with technical know-how. Above all, he impressed on his subordinates the need for a splendid pride in the integrity of their work. He was never forced to combat corruption within his own ranks. It just never existed.

Over the years the F.B.I. has classified 104,000,000 fingerprints, filed photographs of 14,000 criminals,

gained convictions in 97 per cent of its court cases. It investigated 1,000,000 subversive cases during the war and due to its efforts not an enemy act of sabotage occurred.

Once, when Hoover refused to favor a Congressman by engaging an agent who did not qualify, the colon warned him: "You won't be here long." That afternoon he was summoned by Attorney General Stone. Hoover said: "I know the Congressman has complained to you, Mr. Attorney General. I hope you understand."

"What I don't understand," replied Stone, "is why you didn't throw him out the window. I think you're getting soft."

Since that day Hoover has never been "soft" with political intriguers. He once defined the standards of an F.B.I. agent:

"Our special agent must be everything from a courageous, vigorous investigator to a drawing room diplomat and love his work."

He lives up to that credo. When Edward G. Bremer, millionaire brewer, was kidnapped by the Barker Karpis gang in 1934 and released upon payment of \$200,000 ransom, Hoover took up the trail. Most of the gang members were caught, but Alvin Karpis escaped the dragnet and boasted he would personally raid F.B.I. offices and "shoot Hoover."

When the Karpis hideaway was located Hoover accepted the personal challenge. He drove with his G-Men to the hideout. As they arrived Karpis walked into the open. But children were playing in front of him and the agents could not shoot. Quick as a flash, Hoover leaped from the car and, without drawing his gun, lunged at Karpis. While the agents held their fire lest a child be hurt, Hoover subdued him.

People wonder why, at 52, he's not married. He's no woman-hater, but he has an ideal: "She must be sincere. She must be understanding. She must be feminine and practical. She must have faith in me and marry me for keeps. She must be old-fashioned. She must remain on the pedestal on which I have placed her."

Heartbreaks of Society

By Gene Coughlin

THE window slid up, revealing a black cat in the blue-black darkness of the night. The night was quiet, but the cat was not. Mary Agnes O'Brien looked at the cat, then at the flower bed with the little supplest of a cat. Her guardian-uncle, Edward Abbey, heard nothing to disturb his slumber in his room across the hall.

Her shoes slung across her shoulder, a card with in one pocket of her coat and two six-dollar bills knotted in a handkerchief in the other, the money being presents received on this, her 15th birthday, Mary Agnes O'Brien whispered a farewell to the village of Mine La Motte, Missouri, and set out on her journey.

It was a journey that was to take her to fame and fortune, and into a romance as tragic, in its fashion, as any depicted by Shakespeare. This Missouri Juliet in the calico dress and the bare feet was destined to love and to be loved by a Vanderbilt.

Mary Agnes O'Brien, the orphan, never dreamed of such a future on her runaway night in the spring of the year 1880.

She never dreamed that the bare feet cussing the lush meadows of Missouri would shortly be encased in golden slippers and that the gay blades of New York, London and Paris would use the same slippers as champagne glasses.

She knew only that life could be exciting; that, at 15, she was a fine figure of a woman and her violet eyes were formidable weapons, in any language.

Alternately skipping and walking, she covered 22 miles that night and the next day—and left Missouri in a boxcar.

In Illinois, a brakeman advanced a transfer to a seat in a day coach bound for New York.

En route to the big city, Mary Agnes O'Brien changed two things, her hair dress and her name. The wavy, midnight blue tresses were piled on top of her head, "grown up" fashion with a 15-inch bun, and her name became Agnes Hilton. She and Broadway were ideally suited to each other. She had what Broadway wanted: youth and beauty; and The Gay White Way had what she dearly loved—men and money.

A week after arrival, the 15-year-old was in the front line of a musical comedy chorus. In those days, or nights, chorus girls didn't have to be able to sing or dance. If they had a pretty face, the hour-glass figure and if they could wear tights—well, Mary Agnes O'Brien Hilton could wear tights with the best of them.

Here was a life designed to dazzle the most sophisticated of teenagers, but Agnes Hilton, nee O'Brien, managed to keep her shapely feet on the ground, and to remember people who had been good to her since her mother and father had died, months apart, in the humble St. Louis home.

The Edward Abbeys, at Mine La Motte, received \$100 and an apologetic note from their runaway niece, and other relatives and friends benefited as her fortunes increased.

Stage door Johnnies followed her to and from the theatre and, occasionally, there were rumors of engagements and elopements but her heart remained intact until Antonio Ruiz arrived on the scene—and couldn't be driven away.

The tall, dark and handsome attache of the Cuban legation at Washington came to New York for a "fast" week end, and stayed for weeks to do his courting with a Latin ardor that soon won Mary Agnes. They were married in August, 1903. The repercussions shook Havana.

ANTONIO's patrician parents objected strongly, but one meeting with the bride and hostilities ceased. The Ruiz family never did embrace her, but forgiveness was indicated when "financial assistance" was extended the newweds.

It would have taken more than financial assistance, however, to save this marriage from wreckage. After the first hectic weeks, neither Antonio nor Mary Agnes was happy, and they looked elsewhere for escape.

Mary Agnes found hers in the nobly hand-

some figure of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. Careless historians seeking to add even more glamour to the romance insisted they met when Vanderbilt rescued her from the back of a runaway horse in Central Park. This added filch was untrue—and unnecessary.

They met in Sherry's cafe on Fifth Avenue one day when there was more than the usual quota of mischief in Mary Agnes's violet eyes.

Vanderbilt reacted the way any young man might be expected to react. He wangled an introduction on the spot, and made a date for luncheon the following day.

It was highly improper, of course. Mary was still Mme. Ruiz in good legal, if not affectionate standing, and Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt was married to Ellen "Elsie" French, a society leader in her own right, but these obstacles didn't seem to bother the principals.

After their first luncheon date, things happened rapidly.

Mme. Ruiz was installed in an apartment on Lexington ave., and forgot to give husband Antonio the key.

Almost daily, Alfred G. Vanderbilt would dash from the family chateau on Fifth Ave. in his imported roadster, drive madly to his beloved's apartment, a distance of six blocks, and leave the roadster parked for hours at a time in front of the building that sheltered Mme. Ruiz.

JULIET from MISSOURI

Gossip increased, and so did the stares of the highly curious passers-by. To escape both, the couple took a vacation trip to Europe. Elsie French Vanderbilt acknowledged the "scandal" publicly when, in May, 1908, she said Alfred Gwynne for divorce, branding the corespondent merely an "unknown woman."

Antonio Ruiz sued Mary Agnes and won his divorce three weeks later.

At the time, the two actions made the young lovers delicious with happiness. Now they were free. Now they could be married. Not right away, of course, there were certain steps to be taken.

Those steps were never taken and the delay proved fatal to the romance. A terrible thing was happening to Mary Agnes Ruiz; a diabolical thing that Shakespeare never considered inflicting on his tragic Juliet.

Mary Agnes was putting on weight, alarmingly. There was nothing fragile or skimp about her figure as a 15-year-old and, as a pampered darling of Broadway she had given free rein to her tastes where food and drink were concerned.

"Fooh!" she'd retort to sly comments about

her weight. "I can always take it off!" Was she finally made the effort, however, she couldn't remove the excess poundage. She asked the self-discipline to diet and other steps but it seemed to help nothing.

During the hot summer months of the year 1908, while her friends were sailing or calling on the country, she made daily trips to the Turkish baths.

The treatments were not in vain. They didn't lose any weight to speak of, but she lost a little, rather, which was some encouragement.

The siege in the apartment weakened her, however, and in January, 1909, her doctor ordered her to take another ocean voyage.

This time she sailed alone—sailed to an island that was destined to shock the society of two continents and even cause the stand-walk of the House of Parliament to quiver.

IN London she was given the royal suite in the Alford, and settled down to await the arrival of Ruiz, who was reading his thoroughbreds for London's famed Olympia Horse show in May.

The day after he joined her, Mary Agnes gave up the royal suite in the hotel and opened a town house at 19 Grosvenor St. in fashionable Mayfair.

Meantime, her nemesis had overtaken her again; she was getting fat.

A specialist summoned by Vanderbilt must

have found other things wrong with her, too. Lively, laughing Mary Agnes Ruiz was ordered to bed, with the stipulation that she could sit up on hour a day.

"I don't care," she said when the verdict was announced. "I'll go on being happy as long as Gwynne loves me."

Every afternoon in that London spring of 1909, a stout nurse struggled to move her from the bed and into a wheelchair—this woman who, not 10 years before, had slung her shoes over her shoulder and had walked 22 miles barefoot.

Every afternoon, for one hour, the 260 pounds remained motionless in the Grosvenor at window until a figure would alight from a car. Then there would be the feeble clapping of fat hands and a happy squeal.

There he is now! Although Vanderbilt's visits always started out on a delightful note of reunion, they didn't end in the same key.

There were quarrels, and recriminations, especially as April gave way to May, and the tongues of gossip loosened up.

It was common knowledge in Mayfair, Mary Agnes Ruiz was told, that Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt was "being seen everywhere" with a beautiful young woman of his own social standing.

Mary Agnes shut her ears to the rumors for a week, and then put the question to him, along with another question:

"Are we going to be married?" The answer must have been no, because a servant heard Vanderbilt say, as he picked up his hat:

"I shan't be coming back here."

Mary Agnes O'Brien Ruiz went back to her bed, and he went back to his horses and, it is assumed, the young lady from his own set.

A week later, it was announced that Mme. Ruiz had died of natural causes.

An enterprising newspaper reporter heard differently, however.

Police records, and higher-ups in the police department, disappeared overnight and the air of mystery surrounding her death was enough to evoke heated charges and counter-charges in Parliament.

Then the facts came out:

ON the morning of Sunday, May 16, 1909, Mme. Ruiz had pressed the muzzle of a .38-caliber revolver against her temple, after sweeping back the mass of blue-black hair so that it, the last asset of her gypsy-like beauty, would not be ruined, and shot herself.

There her story ended. That of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, the rich Romeo to the Missouri Juliet, was to continue for seven years more.

He returned to New York and married Mrs. Smith Hollins McKim, now Mrs. Margaret Emerson, and the mother of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Jr., and George W. Vanderbilt.

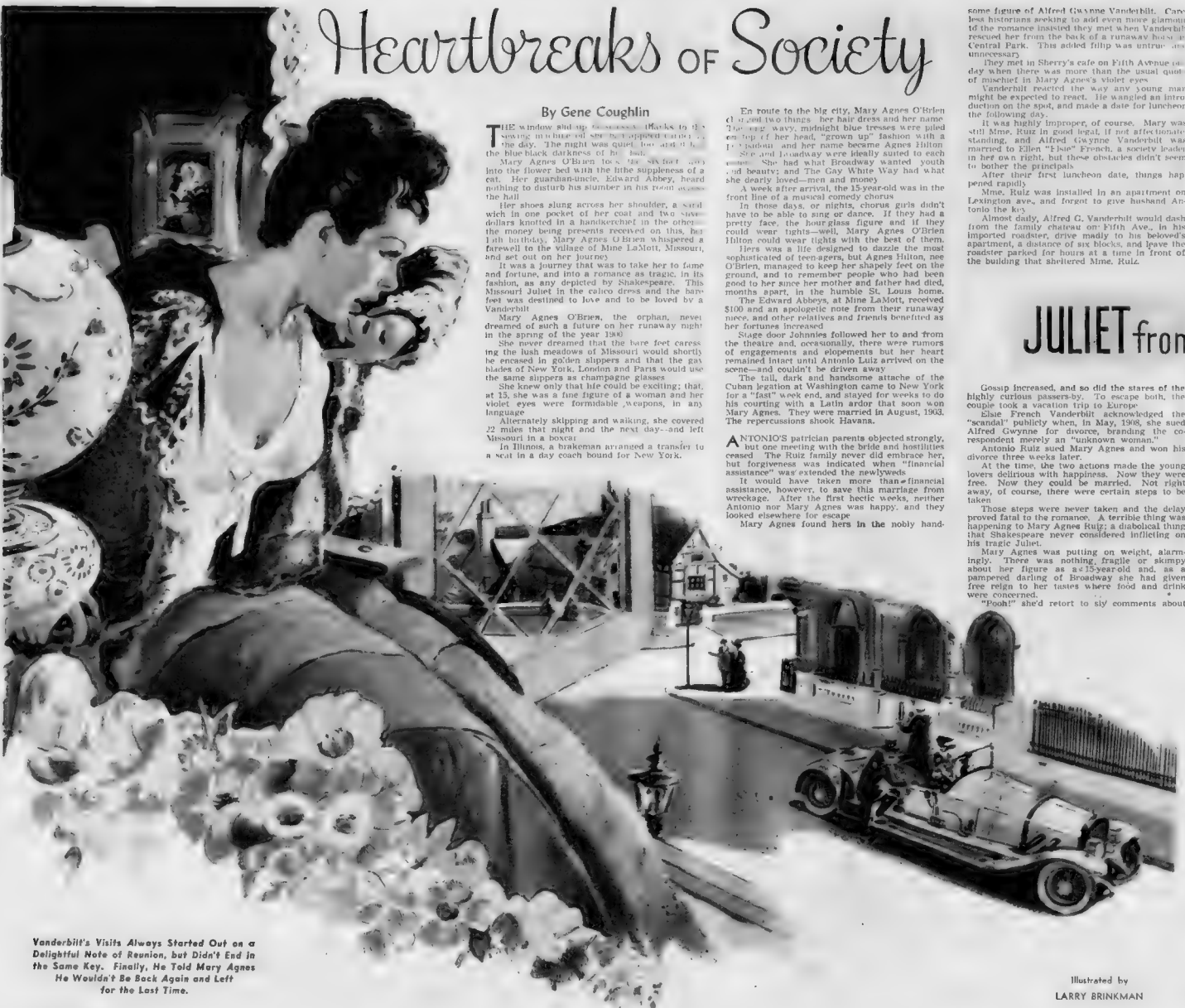
In 1918, Alfred Vanderbilt made another crossing to England, but he didn't return.

His ship was the Lusitania and he drowned with hundreds of others when it was torpedoed by a German submarine, an act that hastened the entrance of the United States into World War I.

Next week, Unhappy Mystery of Twelfth.

Venta, Story Book Helms

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 17



Illustrated by

LARRY BRINKMAN

Vanderbilt's Visits Always Started Out on a Delightful Note of Reunion, but Didn't End in the Same Key. Finally, He Told Mary Agnes He Wouldn't Be Back Again and Left for the Last Time.

Six Billion Pounds of Milk Go Into Ice Cream Each Year and Americans Are Asking for More

By Irmis Johnson

ALl the way across the park Billy could hear the tinkle of the ice-cream man's bell, but the sound only made him sad.

His mother wasn't like Susan's or Jane's; she never let him buy ice cream but said it was just for dessert, maybe once a week on Sundays, and that it wasn't a food that would help boys and girls grow big and strong.

Only the other day when Susan's mother gave her a nickel Billy had heard her say, "Ice cream is just about the same as frozen milk, and everyone knows that milk is the most nearly perfect food for children and grown-ups alike."

Billy liked that idea and thought he'd tell his mother but he didn't know, of course, what the famous authority, Dr. E. V. McCollum of the School of Hygiene and Public Health at Johns Hopkins University had said on the same subject recently.

"There are mothers who testify that their children dislike milk as a baby age," Dr. McCollum reported, "and ask how it is possible for them to introduce a sufficient amount of dairy products into their diet. One of the answers to this question is ice cream. Almost without question persons of all ages like it."

Doctors and dietitians who agree that enjoyment of food aids digestion recommend ice cream to the aged, too, when other foods don't seem to

one serving of ice cream, furnishing three-fourths as much of this nutrient as one cup of milk.

There are several vitamins in the whole milk, and cream, of the ice cream, and the non-fat solids contain Vitamin C, and a small amount of B and E.

When you are overly tired or have undergone severe physical exertion a dish of ice cream almost certainly will act as a pick-up, because in addition to its nourishing qualities, the small amount of sugar it contains serves as a ready fuel, or energy food, for the whole body.

Nearly two and one-half centuries have passed since a guest of Mary, In Is Gov, not Broken reported that he had been served "dessert" to lose curious; among the rarities of which it was composed was some fine ice cream which, with the strawberries and milk, eat most deliciously."

That was one of the earliest references in this country to the frozen concoction all Americans know, and knowledge of which came from the Old World.

It is reported that Julius Caesar paid extensive campaigns to spirit north to the Alps and bring back huge bowls of ice and snow so he

Ice Cream FOR HEALTH

agree with them. Convalescents and undernourished persons are urged to eat more ice cream.

This doesn't mean they are to eat it as a substitute for milk, but as an additional way of getting the nutritive values of milk.

In one recent experiment 663 malnourished school children between the ages of six and 12 were fed one-fifth of a quart of ice cream each day for six weeks. At the end of that time 106 of the youngsters had reached their normal weight and over 94 per cent showed a gain in weight, averaging two pounds and 10 ounces per child.

Ice cream isn't excessively fattening to a normal person. An average serving (one-sixth of a quart) contains approximately 190 calories, compared to a rough 250 in a baked apple or 290 in a piece of custard pie.

Anyone on a reducing diet, however, must count calorie values of ice cream as well as other foods.

Ice cream is comparatively low in calories but high in protective qualities. In general it contains cream, non-sweetening, a stabilizer which may be gelatine or a vegetable substance, flavoring and sometimes eggs.

Aside from the butter fat there are non-fat milk solids which furnish the bone and tooth-building minerals, calcium and phosphorus, just as liquid milk does. One serving of ice cream (one-sixth quart) contains nearly two-thirds as much calcium as a full cup of milk.

These milk solids also contribute important muscle-building proteins;

could mix a snow and wine sherbet.

King Charles I of England is said to have had an Italian cook who had a formula for making frozen cream dishes and who received a life pension from Charles in order that the recipe be kept secret and ice cream served to the king alone.

The world traveler, Marco Polo, is said to have given an ice cream recipe to friends in Venice which he had picked up in Japan.

Nowhere today, however, is ice cream consumption greater than in the United States where, according to a recent report, 4,000 quarts are eaten each minute of every day; amounting to about 500,000,000 gallons a year.

It has been computed that six billion pounds of milk go into the making of this great American dessert which has become a standard and extremely practical food.

Ice Cream Is Recommended for Convalescents, Not as a Substitute for Milk, but as an Additional Way of Getting Its Nutritive Value.

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...powder, lipstick, rouge!

Color cuts loose...rides high in
Woodbury Fiesta! Beauty breaks all
bounds in this new new powder shade.
Wait 'til you wear it. Like that!—your
skin gets a glow from heady essence-of-
roses. In a flash—you're alive with
Fiesta! And don't overlook that
Woodbury cling...color-freshness...
heavenly fragrance. In all your life no
powder did so much for you!
Say yes to Fiesta today!

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With Fiesta Film-Finish Powder
you also get Fiesta Lipstick and Rouge
All 3 in the dollar powder box
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Fiesta and 8 other exciting shades come in Matched Make-up \$1.00;
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Seeing's believing! See Fiesta's sorcery on your skin! Send
for free Woodbury Powder Sampler, contains Fiesta, 8 other
flattering shades...plus Hollywood Make-up Chart. Print
name, address clearly. Mail to Box 45, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

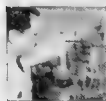
NAME

STREET

CITY STATE

A black and white illustration of a woman in a dynamic, athletic pose, stepping with her right foot onto the lid of an open tin of Ice-Mint Gum. The tin is prominently displayed in the foreground, showing the brand name 'ICE-MINT' and the words 'GUM' and 'SWEETENED'. The woman is depicted with flowing hair and a light, possibly translucent, garment, suggesting a sense of movement and freshness. The background is plain, focusing attention on the product and the woman's action.

Hollywood Hair Expert Tells How to DARKEN



GRAY HAIR

-and look years younger!

If streaked, gray or dull hair makes you look older, add natural-looking color gradually just by washing with water. Herbold Pomade's color is "ready-to-go," a clean stainless hair dressing (with no nitrate or with permanent) which, when used daily, gradually darkens it to a youthful-looking color. Men, women, from coast to coast, are looking better. You look younger. It's true.

HERBOLD POMADE: Washes away streaks. Adds color to Gray, Streaked, Dull Hair—without your Absolute Satisfaction or . . . **YOUR MONEY BACK!**

Use to condition and groom your hair. Wash your hair, streaked, dull, faded, or faded. Unless satisfied that you look younger and your hair is in better condition, you get your money back. **HERBOLD POMADE:** Washes away streaks. Adds color to Gray, Streaked, Dull Hair—without your Absolute Satisfaction or . . . **YOUR MONEY BACK!**

Write to: Herbold Laboratories, Hollywood 40, Calif.

THREE died of cancer, mourning the three deceased 21% to 20.3% in 1994 and a further 1% in 1995. The estate based its valuation on a 1994 book value of \$1.2 million, less a 1995 tax on other debt. None of the six was thinking of selling the assets, however. They had purchased for one of the most famous estate settlements on record the distribution of a good, strong, powerful legacy.

ered out in compliance with a court order, M.S. M. Inc. has won.

During her last 18 months, the plaintiff had lost a lot of money, suffered a number of disappointments and the distribution of the wealth and personal belongings of her two friends, who are related to her, was in jeopardy. She had been sued by friends, who she had no contact with, the dispute had worried the insurers, caused her considerable anxiety. And she wanted to get her husband and the



her son-in-law, conferred and then Thomas McBride advanced to the table:

"Carol, you are the youngest," he said. "You may draw first."

The little girl, after whispered instructions from her mother, thrust her hand in to the bowl. She brought out a folded slip of paper and shyly handed it to Mr.

The little girl, after whispered instructions from her mother, thrust her hand in to the bowl. She brought out a folded slip of paper and shyly handed it to Mr. McBride.

"Carol," he announced, "inherits her grandmother's sapphire and diamond platinum bar brooch."

Similar slips were then taken from the bowl by Mrs. McBride's two daughters, Mary and Sadie; her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Joyce Tiggs, and two other granddaughters, Patricia and Joy.

As each drew a slip, the executors examined it and presented her with the heirloom named on the bit of paper. By this method, ownership of a substantial part of the widow's \$50,000 estate was decided in less than five minutes.

This represented no flip-pant resort to Lady Luck, however, to settle what might have been a weighty headache for the executors. Instead, the lottery was

Instead, the lottery was

HUNDREDS of years ago, when the first noble man threw his lackey a piece of silver, he unwittingly bequeathed to future generations two successive problems. First—to tip or not to tip? Second—how much?

Official light has been shed recently on the second of these questions by no less august a body than a United States Tax Court. Faced with an income tax case involving six San Francisco waiters, the court did a little digging into the situation, and came up with a judicious tip for timers:

If you're a tipper—and who isn't?—don't miss next

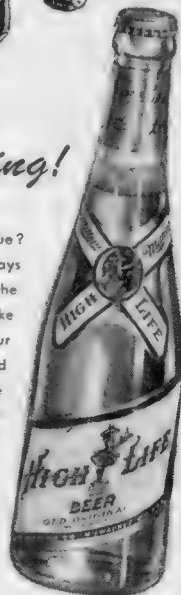
week's challenging article, "Is 10% the Right Tip?"

"TOO busy to get married" is the way young Edgar Luckenbach, Jr., describes himself. Which must be a shame, as far as his current girl friends are concerned, because 21-year-old Luckenbach has a boyish grin, winning personality, and \$10,000,000. But the youthful steamship executive and Broadway "angel" has one definite idea about his future Mrs. She'll be a working girl, he says, because they're more self-reliant. The story of this engaging "Unmarried Millionaire" appears next week.



- Planning a backyard barbecue?

Grand idea—because food always tastes especially good out in the open air. And be sure to make Miller High Life a part of your plans. The sparkling goodness and friendly flavor of this truly fine beer always add extra zest and pleasure to any and all refreshment occasions!



Miller

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MILLER BREWING COMPANY - MILWAUKEE

GOOD-BYE TO
discomfort of
• SICK HEADACHE
• ACID INDIGESTION
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due to ordinary sluggishness



Be Bright! Feel Right! TAKE ENO

Whenever you're headachy, sluggish, sour because of acid indigestion or late hours—quick—take sparkling Enol! You'll promptly help neutralize excess stomach acid, ease "full feeling" overnight! Next morning, take Enol as a speedy gentle laxative before breakfast. You'll feel radiantly alive because of true inner cleanliness. Caution: Use only as directed.

EFFECTIVE DOUBLE ACTION!

1. ANTACID—relieves sour stomach, gas and heartburn promptly.
2. LAXATIVE—quickly relieves temporary sluggishness. Take before breakfast, when needed.

TASTES GOOD!

ITCHING discomfort really RELIEVED

Skillfully blending valuable medicinal ingredients in an oily base—prolonging their beneficial action—Resinol Ointment has a 50 year record for surprising relief of itching and burning in many types of skin irritation.

Sold at all drugists. Buy now. Free Sample.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

Happy by Mistake

THE clerk in an El Paso, Texas, social agency looked up fleetingly, as a middle-aged couple approached his desk.

"Name, please?" he asked briskly.

"Mr. and Mrs. Santos Garcia."

"May I see your marriage certificate, please?"

Santos smiled happily to his wife, who reached proudly into her purse and produced a faded yellow document. She handed it to the clerk, who glanced at it momentarily. Suddenly a puzzled frown crossed his face.

"Is this all you've got?" he demanded in surprise.

Santos nodded. "It is ours since February 26, 1921. Twenty-six years we have been married."

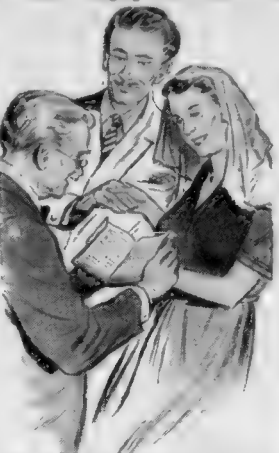
"But," protested the clerk, half-wondering if this weren't some joke, "this isn't a marriage certificate. It's only a license! You people aren't married at all!"

The couple exchanged astonished, uncomprehending looks.

"But . . . it cannot be! We do not understand!"

Embarrassed, the clerk hastened to explain. After 26 years and nine children, Mr. Santos was still legally a bachelor, and his wife was technically Miss Emeterio Chavez. And all because they had mistaken a marriage license for a marriage certificate.

Friends knew the Garcias as one of the happiest couples in the whole county—gentle and kindly, proud of each other and of their fine family, and of the faded "marriage certificate" hanging from their



The Judge Quietly Married the Man and Woman Who Thought They Had Been Wed 26 Years Ago.

living room wall. Now, they discovered, there had never been any ceremony performed—they had not known it was necessary.

They looked at the clerk with consternation.

"What . . . what can we

do? We did not realize . . . What can we do?"

The clerk picked up a telephone, and made some lengthy inquiries. Finally he replaced the receiver and scribbled an address on a sheet of paper.

"Here," he said, "Go to this address. They'll be expecting you."

The address he gave them was the office of the County Clerk. There the Garcias found officials had quickly arranged a brief wedding ceremony.

In Texas there is no time limit on a wedding license until after the wedding ceremony. Then it must be filed within 60 days. Two minutes after the vows were read by Judge M. V. Ward in the County Clerk's office, the license, patched together with tape by the marriage license clerk, was filed in the County records—26 years after it was issued.

The space on the living room wall, where the license formerly hung, is now occupied by a bona fide marriage certificate. And the Garcias' friends are helping them celebrate their happy, though belated, honeymoon.

The "newlyweds" good naturedly confess they don't feel any more married than they have for more than two decades, but they are grateful to the understanding officials who quietly fixed their honest mistake.

PERFECT VACATION PICTURES

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It's fun to have a Model for a Mother

Bryan Cornell's whoops and hollers reveal a smile as sparkling as his "model" mother's

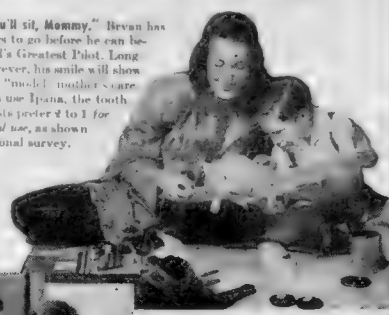
ISN'T Bryan Cornell of New York City a lucky boy? Those are gen-u-u-ine Texas boots and spurs he has. And Oh, boy, look at that shooter!

Lucky for Bryan, too, that his mother is a success-ful model. This means he's almost bound to have a smile that'll lasso the lassies. For knowing the importance of a sparkling smile (that's the first thing models learn!) Mrs. Titia

Cornell teaches her son to safeguard his smile by following her own prized dental routine: Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.

Well-known as a Television actress, too, Mrs. Cornell knows what thousands of schools and dentists are teaching—that a radiant smile depends largely on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

"That's where you'll sit, Mommy," Bryan has only eleven years to go before he can become The World's Greatest Pilot. Long before then, however, his smile will show the results of his "model" mother's care. For the Cornells use Ipana—the tooth paste that dentists prefer 2 to 1 for their own personal use, as shown in a recent national survey.



Pistol-packing Bryan, 6 years old, rides the range by day, learns how to help guard his gums at night. Sensitive gums, among adults, often herald their warning with "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to see your dentist. Let him decide whether yours is simply a case for the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."



Deep in the heart of New York, Week-ends often find Titia and Bryan at a nearby duck ranch. Every day finds them "duded up" with a sparkling smile. For the Cornells use Ipana—specially designed to help keep teeth sparkling bright. And because today's soft foods often rob gums of exercise, Titia Cornell helps keep the gums firm and healthy with gentle gum massage.

Ipana Tooth Paste for your Smile of Beauty

How to massage your gums. Gently massage at the gum line, always keeping fingertip in contact with the tooth surface. It's at the gum line, where teeth and gums meet, that so many troubles start—a gentle massage can be so helpful. Between regular visits to your dentist, help him guard your smile of beauty.



Product of Bristol-Myers

THE IRRESISTIBLE RIVER

BY PETER LEVINS

"THIS woman obviously died months ago - probably at about the time of the fire last summer," said Medical Examiner John D. Booth of Danbury, Conn. "Have you any idea as to her identity?"

The persons to whom he addressed this question were Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Noces of East 50th st., New York City. Until the previous Sept. 1, 1943, they had owned a substantial summer cottage at Candlewood Lake, six miles from Danbury, but on that day the supposedly unoccupied dwelling had burned to the ground.

"We have no idea," Mrs. Noces replied.

She and her husband had gone to the lake to clean up the debris, preparatory to rebuilding. Mrs. Noces related that she had been raking leaves from a pile of sand in the cellar when she uncovered a woman's body.

"I'm sorry to distress you," said Dr. Booth, "but this seems to be a case of murder. There is a bullet hole in the skull."

Later that day, May 31, 1944, the body having been removed to Danbury, Dr. Booth reported that the victim had been under 20, about 5 feet 6 inches in height, had dark hair, and might be "of recent European extraction."

On Saturday, June 3, the state police at Ridge field received a tip that the deceased might have been a girl named Eudora Atkins, 19, of Salisbury, Conn. According to the informant, Miss Atkins had been a guest at "wild parties" staged at the Noces cottage.

"We never knew any such person," the Noces insisted. However, they were quizzed closely.

MISS ATKINS, it developed, had run away from a girls' home in Winsted, Conn., Nov. 16, 1942 made her way to Danbury, assumed the name of Linda Brennan, and worked as a waitress and domestic servant. The Noces continued to assert that they had known no such person, and to deny that they had given wild parties at their cottage.

Matters remained that way until early Tuesday morning, June 6.

At that time, shortly after midnight, State Policemen Edward Giardina and Theodore Judd dropped into a Danbury diner. They took seats near a sailor and a young man wearing the uniform of the Merchant Marine.

The officers soon discovered that they were discussing the Candlewood Lake mystery.

"Too bad they haven't identified the girl," said

the Merchant Mariner. "If they could identify her, they might be able to solve the whole thing."

"I guess you're right," the sailor agreed. "Matter of fact, I ran into a Merchant Marine guy a couple of days ago who had a pretty good hunch about the case."

Officers Giardina and Judd listened.

Told me he was staying at Candlewood Lake at the time of the fire," the sailor continued. "Said he'd met a feller and a girl while he was swimming at Sandy Knolls. Seemed to think the girl might have been the one that was killed."

"Listen, we're state policemen just going off duty," he said. "We couldn't help hearing you talking about the Candlewood Lake case. Did this fellow you met give you any name? Name of the girl? Or the boy?"

The sailor shook his head. "He didn't know their names - or so he said."

"Did he give any reason why he believed the girl he saw swimming was the same girl that was killed?"

The sailor scratched his head. "He said she seemed about the right size and age."

"Anything else?"

"He didn't see either of them—the girl or her boy friend, either—after the fire. At least, he didn't think he did."

Officer Judd asked a question. "Did he notice anything - well, unusual, about their behavior?"

"Say, now that you mention it, he did at that!" the sailor exclaimed. "He said the girl seemed to be having a lot of fun, but that the boy friend seemed to have something on his mind. Didn't talk much. Seemed worried."

"Did they talk like, say, New Englanders?" Giardina inquired.

"He didn't say how they talked. Probably came from New York, though. Lots of people at the lake from New York."

That was true enough, but no resident of the Candlewood Lake community could contribute anything of value to the investigation. All their young people had been accounted for; the girl had been a stranger.

Meanwhile, the authorities learned that on the day after the fire 13-year-old James Klein had found a charred .22 rifle in the ruins. He had taken it home, and eventually his mother had dropped it into a refuse can. This piece of evidence was recovered from the Danbury city

dump and ballistics experts found that it had been the death weapon.

The police also learned that a .22 rifle and a quantity of ammunition had been in the cottage.

ANOTHER development—Endora Atkins Brennan turned up in Philadelphia, quite alive. She bore out the Noces' statement that she had been unknown to them.

"I guess somebody wanted to have a little joke," she said, "but it's no joke to me, or the Noces either. I take it."

The search spread to the records of the Bureau of Missing Persons, New York City, and to the voluminous files of the city's dentists. It culminated, after a painstaking check, in the victim's positive identification, through the records of the New York Dental Clinic, Washington Heights branch, as Josephine Medina, 17, whose widowed mother, three sisters and a brother lived on West 125th st., Manhattan.



Jo, Reading a Movie Magazine on the Floor, Didn't See Billy Reach into the Closet Behind Her for the Gun.



Josephine, of Spanish ancestry, had been reported missing on Sept. 1, 1943, but she had disappeared on Aug. 29.

She had left her home at 6:30 that morning, and had reported for work at 7 in the Kaplan Flower Co. factory in West 13th st., where she had been employed during the summer school vacation making artificial flowers.

Less than an hour after arriving on the job, she had asked Rose Marie Eitel, a fellow employee, to mail a letter to her mother.

"What's the idea?" Rose Marie had asked. "I'm quitting. I don't like the work."

Then she had walked out. Miss Eitel had forgotten to mail the letter, but had given it to Mrs. Medina the next day when the latter visited the factory in search of her daughter. The note read:

"Dear Ma: 'I've gone away. Please don't worry. I'll take care of myself."

Your daughter, Jo."

"P. S.—I will send you money monthly," Mrs. Medina had never heard from her again. Detectives now sought the trail of the boy in the case. The trail led back to Candlewood Lake, and to the summer cottage of the Sanders family, whose home was on Bainbridge ave., in the Bronx, New York City.

THEY took into custody the young son, William, 17, who had been a classmate of Josephine Medina at Haaren High, 59th st. and 10th ave., Manhattan. He was taken to the Ridgfield barracks for questioning.

"Did you know Josephine Medina?" asked State Policeman Giardina.

"No, sir. You're mistaken."

"You kept company with her in high school?"

"No, sir. You're mistaken."

"You were seen swimming with her at Shady Knolls."

"That's not true. I tell you, sir, I don't know anybody by that name."

"Oh, come now, Billy," said Giardina. "These Jenials aren't going to get you anywhere. You had a girl up at the lake, and if it wasn't Josephine Medina, who was it?"

Young Sanders hesitated, wetting his lips nervously. "Her name was Jennie," he replied.

"Jennie who?"

"I don't know her last name. She came from Graycourt, Conn. to in Ridgfield."

When a quick check showed that no girl named Jennie had been registered at Graycourt, the questioning was resumed.

Presently good-looking Billy Sanders, son of a respected printer and former bank clerk, was

telling what had happened—in New York, and at the lake.

They had started keeping company that spring while they were classmates at Haaren High, and they had often visited secluded retreats in Central Park. Dark-eyed, dark-haired Josephine had taken their sudden romance so seriously that he had become terror-stricken—and regretful that it had ever gotten started.

"We're not too young to marry, Billy," she had insisted.

Maybe she wasn't, he had thought. Maybe it would be a good idea for her. But for him—gosh. He was only 17. Just a high school kid. How could he get married?

He had tried various means of putting her off. But he was to discover that emotional attachments like that never can be made to stand still. They are like a great river that can be dammed and diverted, but never held in check.

FINALLY, come summer, Jo persuaded him to take her out to the country.

They met near her home on the evening of Aug. 28 and agreed to meet at 8 the next morning at the Dixie Bus terminal on West 42d st. From there they would proceed to Candlewood Lake, where the Sanders family had a cottage, and where Billy also had a one-room cabin.

Josephine, having written her mother and quit her job, had met him at the terminal, and after eating and shopping in Danbury, they had arrived at the cabin by way of a lonely back road. (This to avoid detection by Billy's aunt, uncle and grandmother, who were occupying the Sanders place.)

On the 30th, they shopped again in Danbury, returned to the cabin, then decided to go for a swim at Sandy Knolls, on the lake shore.

That night, craving more luxuries than the cabin afforded, they broke into the attractive Noce cottage. While prowling around the premises, Billy noticed a .22 rifle and a shotgun in a closet, and on a near-by shelf a quantity of cartridges.

On the 31st, they lolled around a good part of the time. According to Billy, they had bitter arguments over Jo's demands that he marry her. He asserted that she threatened to talk to his folks.

The next morning they woke up at 7:30. While Jo dressed, Billy took the rifle into the cellar and fired a couple of shots to see whether the gun worked.

It was while he was in the cellar that he noticed the pile of sand.

Jo finished dressing, and soon they had breakfast. Then they moved into the living room.

The girl took a movie magazine from a rack

and stretched out on the floor, resting her head on her elbow. Billy went to the closet where the guns were.

Jo, engrossed in the magazine, paid no attention to him as he came near her. He held the muzzle 18 inches from her head and pulled the trigger.

"She must have died instantly," I related. "I must have been crazy to do such a thing. But she'd made me mad."

He threw the gun into the cellar, continued, then dragged the body down, scooped out some of the sand, and covered her up, using a shovel held in the cellar.

Back upstairs, he tried to do some cleaning up with a kitchen towel. After that he went to his cabin, gathered up the few things Jo had left there, and tossed them in the backyard. He burned her pocketbook, and threw away her wristwatch.

He packed his own clothes in a suitcase and started for Danbury. The route to Danbury was past the Noce cottage.

"As I was passing the house," he said, "I decided that I must do something more to destroy the traces of my crime."

He went back inside, and down into the cellar. He drew a container of fuel oil from a barrel there. He sprinkled oil all over the first floor.

Then he started the fire and ran out. He did not even stop to shut the front door.

In Danbury he had done a dangerous thing. While passing near St. Peter's church, he noticed a fireman standing on the corner. Billy engaged the fireman, Fred Ellis of Engine Co. 1, in conversation, and presently inquired:

"Do you have many house fires?"

"Too many," Ellis replied.

"Are you able, usually, to put the fire out before the house burns down?"

"Usually, yes."

With this uncomfortable thought to chew on, Billy had taken the 3:30 train for New York.

IN NEW YORK, after news of the confession broke, the same things were said that are always said in tragedies of this kind.

"Josie was a good girl," said her relatives. "We didn't know she had a boy friend."

"Billy Sanders a murderer?" exclaimed the Sanders neighbors in the Bronx. "It seems incredible. Such a nice, quiet boy!"

Billy was indicted for first degree murder, and on Sept. 30 the case was the first to be called at the opening of the fall term of the criminal court. Somewhat to the surprise of onlookers State's Attorney Lorin W. Willis asked Superior Court Judge Kenneth Wynne to permit him to reduce the charge.

"I have given the case a great deal of thought," he said, "and I have come to certain conclusions. I feel that, in view of the defendant's youth, and in view of some of the circumstances surrounding the affair, I am fully justified in accepting a plea of guilty in the second degree."

He added, "All the circumstances indicate a youth who is to a certain degree eccentric."

Accordingly, Billy Sanders got a life term.

"Are you able, usually, to put the fire out before the house burns down?"

"Usually, yes."

But can you stop a river—an irresistible river in full growth, deriving its strength from innumerable springs and rivulets and tributaries?

No.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.



Josephine Medina—She Wrote Her Mother Not to Worry About Her.

Illustrated by SEYMOUR BALL

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

23

Letters to the Editor

IN your article, "A Girl's Devotion to a Dog," it seems that blind Patsy Ruth Feigue is having a hard time over her dog, Lucky. Well:

Maybe you can't take your dog to school, and maybe you haven't many classroom companions, but you certainly have what it takes, Pat. You show courage through your love and devotion for Lucky. We would have a grand and peaceful world if there were more like you.

You said you guessed only a blind person could understand. Well, Patsy, here are 237 Marines with 20/20 eyesight—who understand you. We're all for you and want to be your friends. Here's hoping they allow Lucky to go to school with you. God bless you, Patsy Ruth.

237 Marines
Parris Island, N. C.

I enjoyed your article on Jean Lussler, who went over the Falls in a rubber ball in 1928, very much. He is employed at a local plant as an ordinary workman, and is still full of ambitions and plans for his rubber ball stunts.

Edith Littlewood
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

I wonder if I could obtain a copy of Carl Mueller's illustration of your recent article, "Saving Sight With Spinal Fluid"? My son posed for Mr. Mueller as the 12-year-old boy who pierced his eye with the wooden sword, and also for two other youngsters in the picture.

Mr. Mueller was most

kind, and it was a pleasure to work with him. Continued success to your fine magazine.

Catherine L. Deegan
Fishing, L. I.

(Mrs. Deegan has been sent a copy of Artist Mueller's illustration.—Ed.)

You recently published, in your letters to the editor, one from a man who said "I am an ex-alcoholic."

We of Alcoholics Anonymous recognize that alcoholism can never be cured. It can only be arrested. Abstinence for any length of time does not constitute a permanent cure. One case history, of which I have knowledge, concerns a drinker who, after 25 years abstinence, thought it safe to return to "social drinking." The result was disaster for the person who thought himself cured.

There is no such thing as an "ex-alcoholic."

A Non-Practicing
Alcoholic
San Francisco, Cal.

I am a graduate nurse... Will you please send me a copy of your recent article, "New Hope for Golder Victims?"

Mrs. Walter B. Smith
East Providence, R. I.
(Booklet sent to Mrs. Smith.—Ed.)

(Charles Goddard, roving member of The American Weekly staff and brother of Morrill Goddard, for many years editor of The American Weekly, has written the following letter to the editor.)

Do you know anyone who

wants an island cheap?

For 25 years I have been praying to have plenty of water in this lake, and its accumulation of prayers must have been handed up to the throne this week, because I am drowned out.

I could keep a motorboat in my garage, and can just barely squeeze my boat under the roof of my boat house here. There ought to be a law forbidding amateurs like me to pray. It should be done by ministers, priests, rabbis and other professionals.

It is still raining. However, there is one bright spot the Canadians still like Americans. I guess they are the only nation that does, and they don't ask anything from us.

Charles Goddard
Delta, Ontario, Canada

I have enjoyed your "Harry K. Thaw Story" series very much, especially since I once lived in Pittsburgh, the former home of Mr. Thaw.

Incidentally, the artist who drew the courtroom scene for the June 1 installment should, I believe, give a little study to flag etiquette. In his drawing, the flag appears at the judge's left. It should be on the right, which, according to my understanding, is the practice wherever a speaker is involved.

George H. Gift
Grasse Point, Mich.
Reader Gift is correct.—Ed.

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 61 West Street, New York 7, N. Y.



LOOK OUT! —if your hair is dry and frizzy!

If you're heartsick trying to make your hair look like something... cheer up! There's a shampoo made with three selected oils for hair that has been made almost hopeless by drying shampoos.

Olive Oil is Principal Ingredient

The big feature is that the active cleansing ingredient of this effective shampoo is made from olive oil (its principal ingredient), plus castor and coconut oils. Doesn't leave your hair dry and "fly-a-way frizzy." You get a

radiant, lustrous cleansing. But you don't impair natural scalp oils so necessary to the hair. You get the added benefits of castor and coconut oils... for quick lathering and cleansing... and a quick filmless rinse for hair lustre.

Waves Set Deeper
Permanents Last Longer

So true is this, that every bottle is sold with a money-back guarantee. Ask for Laco Genuine Castile Shampoo. On sale at all toiletry counters. Laco Products Inc., Baltimore 24, Md.



Laco GENUINE CASTILE Shampoo
for Glamorous, Manageable Hair!

Lucky girl's reward for cutting teeth... Gerber's Junior Foods!

Extra tasty! Easy to chew! Gerber's Junior Foods. (Chopped Vegetables, Chopped Fruits, Meat Combinations and Desserts). Each a "prize package" specially prepared to please a teether's taste! No wonder more babies go for Gerber's than any other baby foods.



And Gerber's small-size container is a big favorite with mothers—for very good reasons. 1. It makes the transition from strained to junior foods so much easier. 2. Gives baby more variety without leftovers! 3. Same low price for all high quality Gerber's—Junior or Strained!

13 Tempting Junior Foods—All Gerber's! All cooked by steam under pressure to retain vitamins and minerals to a high degree. The same is true of Gerber's 18 delicious Strained Foods. No wonder more doctors approve Gerber's. Stock up, tomorrow.

Babies are our
business...
our only
business!



Gerber's
BABY FOODS

PREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.

3 CEREALS • 18 STRAINED FOODS • 13 JUNIOR FOODS



[illegible]

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

At least he
could phone me!

If any member of your family is one of those unfortunate whom alcohol is depriving of health and opportunity, remember this: *Drunkenness is a disease* and as such is subject to control. The McTaggart System functions on this basis. Its pure vegetable liquids destroy totally the taste or craving for alcohol and free a person from all need or desire for this stimulant. In fact they create an antipathy to alcohol, a permanent distaste and a natural aversion to all alcoholic and all circulatory systems are naturally benefited. No hospitalization of any kind is needed. This is strictly a

It does not interfere in any way with daily business or social routine. Effects are noticeable within a few days. While it is eliminating the alcohol from the system it is supplying a substitute which is temporarily needed, but this substitute is a purely vegetable tincture and is non-narcotic. Therefore stimulants are discontinued without any inconvenience. With the craving for alcohol gone, no will power is required for continuous abstinence from drink. The cost is very moderate and is covered many times over by the financial savings effected. Write for literature.

IMPORTANT—Dr. McTaggart's System has a 40-year record of accomplishment. It is sold with the distinct understanding that if at the end of the prescribed period results are not entirely satisfactory its purchase price will be promptly refunded.

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a plain envelope.

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By URSULA TROW

SHOW business, especially along New York's Great White Way, has its share of teen-agers, and these young stars, who've been following our "Teen-Age Tempest" page with avid interest, want to have their say.

Many of them teamed up and wrote in to tell us that (1) they like our articles, but don't always agree with what grown-ups say about teens, that (2) people have mistaken ideas about

Wanda Ridgeway, a teenage schoolteacher from Rockford, Ill., who recently joined the tall girl chorus at the Diamond Horseshoe says, "It doesn't matter where you are—Broadway, New York, or Main Street. Podunk—you can get into trouble if you haven't self-respect enough to ward it off. The only difference is that in New York nobody cares. So you are better off



Broadway's Teen-Age Showgirls Are a Hard-Working and Sensible Lot Who Have the Same Problems as Their Small-Town Sisters.

showgirls, that (3) show business is not a quick and easy way to juvenile delinquency, but hard work, that (4) showgirls are not "beautiful but dumb," that (5) they're in chorus lines not to snag rich husbands but to make a living, or pay for a college education, and, finally, that their problems are no different from those of other teenagers.

Pat owden, 19, a model from Walla Walla, Wash., **Gloria** Smith, 19, who dances nightly at the Vanity Fair nightclub, and **Roberta Bogart**, 18, in the Iceland Restaurant chorus line, do not feel that Mr. James Montgomery Flagg was justified in describing teenagers as unwashed, uncouth, unmannerly, disreputable, sloppy brats (as he did in his article in this column earlier this year).

Glenn attended New York University during the day where she is a freshman majoring in psychology, and she writes "I'm sure Mr. Flagg knows more about art than about teenagers. I have yet to see a sloppily dressed teen-ager, either at school or where I work. Doesn't Mr. Flagg know that his grandmother and his mother would not have approved the clothes women are wearing today? Times change and so do clothes. Mr. Flagg ought to try changing some of his

at home if you feel you can't stand on your own feet and do what's right."

Sis Blanchard and Gladys Baldes, 18, also at the Diamond Horseshoe, say teenagers should think about more than dates, dates, dates. Being in show business, they get lots of date offers, "many of which aren't fun." There are times, these girls say, that they prefer going home and curling up with a good book, and that too much running around is what gets many kids into trouble.

Patricia Hosley, the youngest sister who does a daily "radio stint" on the "Radio" series, may sound like a birdbrain over the air, but she has serious thoughts about chaperoning for teen-agers, for she writes, "Your articles on chaperoning were super. Just because we teen-agers of today enjoy more freedom than our parents did, it doesn't follow that chaperones are any less important. I believe that teenage girls should be chaperoned until they are at least 17."

Boys and girls all over the country are using this column as a clearing house for young ideas. If you have a good word or a gripe send it to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.

SEVERAL of the country's leading psychologists believe that much of our juvenile delinquency can be traced to undemocratic home life. Youngsters, they say, should have specific rights—and responsibilities in their homes.

the rooms they live in are furnished and decorated, and other family matters. When their parents are dictatorial, boys and girls may show their resentment in anti-social ways outside the home.

How about your home?
Do your parents give you
a vote on home problems?

Yes, even finest soaps and soap
shampoos hide the natural lustre of
your hair with dulling soap film

- Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film. ●Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. ●Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! ●Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant! ●Carries away un-dightly loose dandruff like magic! ●Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

**look what
women are
raving about!**

**NEW Mennen
Baby Powder
4 ways better!**

1. **Whiter Color!** Won by 3 to 1 among mothers who tested it for whiteness.
2. **Softer Texture!** 3 to 1, mothers said it's softer—extra comfort for baby.
3. **Fresher Scent!** Mothers voted it twice as agreeable... keeps baby fresher.
4. **And It's Bored!** So much smoother, gives baby's tender skin extra protection.

Your favorite store now has the New Mennen Baby Powder...in the same familiar blue and white container. Get it for your baby today!

Mennen Baby Powder

is really **NEW!**

WHITER COLOR!

SOFTER TEXTURE

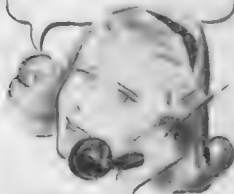
FRESHER SCENTS

MENNEN

*makers of fine baby preparations
for over 70 years*

**MOM!!!
I'VE GOT A PAIN
IN MY BUDGET**

I GUESS WE'LL HAVE
TO LIVE ON LOVE
UNTIL PAY DAY!



**TUNA'S A GOOD
TONIC FOR THAT
SUE—I FOUND THAT**

OUT A LONG, LONG
TIME AGO!



"One month, when you were very young, I had budget trouble and didn't want to tell your father. So, for two weeks, he ate tuna in one form or another practically every night. These wonderful little cans saved me from household bankruptcy. Your dad never knew until months later, when I finally told him. He's been a tuna addict ever since...for I learned how to serve tuna a score of ways, both hot and cold, and he loved all of them!"

P. S. Be sure you get these famous brands of quality tuna!

VAN CAMP SEA FOOD CO., INC.
Terminal Island, California



**THE BRANDS THAT
MADE TUNA FAMOUS**

Buy EITHER brand in
this quantity in the can.

Household Almanac — Amy Alden

These Cold Dishes Will
Make Leisurely Dining
a Pleasure.

**Cool, Good
and
Easy to Make**

"HOW pretty your dinner looks!" is one of the nicest compliments you can have from family or guests. We have picked some of our favorite cold dishes for you that taste as pretty as they look. Any of these jellied dishes can be the mainstay of your meal. Fix them in the morning hours and let the refrigerator do the rest. They can be simple and plain, or you can build them into tiered layers of meat and tiny vegetables that are a joy to behold. With a salad or slices of stuffed cucumber as garnish, or colorful fruit and slices of meat with the aspics, your dinner is ready to serve either indoors or out as the family's fish dictates.

You will enjoy the delicious Peach Melba that shows up so well on one of your best glass dishes, and you may even want to add a slice of the chocolate cake for the men folks.

Stuffed Cucumber Rings

2 medium cucumbers, unpeeled
½ lb. cream cheese
2 tbsps. walnut or pecan meats, ground
1 tbsps. chives, cut fine
1 tsp. parsley, cut fine
Paprika
Mayonnaise to moisten and decorate. Wash cucumbers, cut 1" from each end to make them uniform. With a slender sharp knife, carefully scoop out seeds from centers. Mix next 4 ingredients, using a little mayonnaise if necessary, fill centers of cucumbers with this mixture and chill. To serve, slice thin, and put a dab of mayonnaise on each slice, dusting the whole with paprika.

Jellied Veal Loaf

1 veal knuckle
1 h. veal shoulder
1 sliced onion
6 peppercorns
2 bay leaves
2 tbsps. salt
3 qts. cold water
2 hard-cooked eggs
2 stuffed olives
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
Lettuce
Have the veal knuckle saved in 3 or 4 pieces. Simmer the knuckle with next 6 ingredients until veal is tender—about 2 hrs. Remove meat, reserving broth, and put through medium blade of food chopper. Garnish the bottom of a loaf pan 9"x5"x3" with slices of eggs and olives.

Strain reserved veal broth, and cook until reduced to 1 cup. Pour over the meat, add the Worcestershire sauce, and mix well. Arrange in the loaf pan on top of the egg and olive slices, pressing down firmly with the back of a spoon. Chill until set. Slice and arrange on platter with lettuce and pimiento garnish. Serves 6.

Jellied Tomato and Potato Salad

4 cups canned tomatoes
1 cup diced carrots
1 sprig parsley
1 tsp. peppercorns
1 tbsps. salt
1 cup plus 1 tsp. dried green pepper
1 sliced medium onion
1 cup diced celery
3 cloves
Dash mace
Dash cayenne pepper
2 tbsps. plain gelatin
1 cup cold water
2 tbsps. lemon juice
2 tbsps. thick meat sauce
1 cup salad dressing
1 cup heavy cream
2 tbsps. vinegar
1 tsp. paprika
1 tsp. chopped onion
1 tbsps. chopped chives
2 cups diced cooked potatoes
Lettuce
Simmer tomatoes, carrots, parsley, peppercorns, 2½ tbsps. of the salt, ¼ cup of the diced pepper, sliced onion, 1 cup of the celery, cloves, mace, and cayenne uncovered for 30 min. Strain. Soak gelatin in cold water for 5 min. Dissolve in hot tomato liquid, add lemon juice and meat sauce. Chill until it begins to thicken. Meanwhile, mix salad dressing with cream. Add vinegar, paprika, remaining salt, 1 tsp. green pepper, ¼ cup celery, onion and chives. Mix well; add potatoes; chill. Fill wet mold; ¾ full with tomato mixture. Then place the potato salad on top, and fill with tomato mixture. Chill until set. Unmold on lettuce. Serves 8.

2 tbsps. minced onion
3 chopped, hard-cooked eggs
Lettuce or watercress
Place chicken in kettle with next 4 ingredients and 1½ tbsps. salt. Add cold water to half cover chicken. Cover; simmer 1½ hrs., or until tender. Remove skin and bones; dice meat. Strain broth; reserve. Cool ½ cup of it, and then soak 1 tsp. gelatin in it for 5 min. Boil remaining broth down to 1½ cups, then dissolve gelatin in it. Chill until it begins to thicken. Meanwhile, soak 1 tsp. gelatin in ½ cup cold tomato juice 5 min., dissolve in 1½ cups hot tomato juice. Cool; add next 4 ingredients and ¼ tsp. salt. Pour into wet 8"x3"x2" loaf pan; chill until firm. Add diced chicken and eggs to chicken broth; spread on tomato mixture. Chill until firm. Unmold on cold platter; garnish. Serves 9.

Chocolate Loaf Cake

½ cup soft butter or margarine
1 lb. brown sugar (2½ cups, firmly packed)
2 eggs, beaten
2 sqs. (2 ozs.) unsweetened chocolate, melted
¼ cup buttermilk
2 tbsps. vanilla flavoring
2½ cups sifted cake flour
1½ tsp. salt
2 tbsps. baking soda
1 cup boiling water
Work butter with back of spoon until smooth and creamy. Add sugar gradually, while continuing to beat until blended. Add eggs, and beat hard. Stir in chocolate, buttermilk and vanilla. Gradually add cake flour sifted with salt, beating well after each addition. Last, stir soda into

boiling water; then stir into batter. Pour batter—it's extremely thin—into 9"x12"x2" pan, lined with waxed paper in bottom, and then greased on bottom and sides. Bake at 375° F. for 15 min., then at 350° for 30 min., or until done. Let stand 10 min. before turning out. Cool. Delicious as is or with following frosting:

Creamy Chocolate Frosting

1 sq. (1 oz.) unsweetened chocolate, melted
1 egg, beaten
1 tbsps. cream
1½ cups sifted confectioners' sugar
1 tsp. vanilla flavoring
Chopped walnuts
Stir hot, melted chocolate into egg. Gradually add remaining ingredients, beating well. Spread on cooled cake. Sprinkle with walnuts.

Peach Melba

2 cups raspberries
½ cup currant jelly
½ cup granulated sugar
1½ tbsps. cornstarch
1 tbsps. cold water
8 canned peach halves
1 qt. vanilla ice cream
Wash raspberries, add currant jelly and sugar, and bring to a boil. Add cornstarch mixed to a smooth paste with the cold water, and cook, while stirring, until thick and clear. Strain and cool. Place one peach half, cut side up, in each of 8 sherbet glasses and fill each with the ice cream. Pour the raspberry sauce over the ice cream.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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TWO tips to make toast more tempting!

1st tip

Try this easy PARKAY recipe

Make Cinnamon Logs. Cut day-old loaf of bread *lengthwise* into thin slices. Trim crusts. Spread with Parkay Margarine; sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Roll into "logs." Fasten with toothpicks and toast in broiler or oven. Cut the "logs" in half and serve them while they're piping hot



Simple, isn't it, to make a treat out of ordinary toast? And, whether plain or fancy, here's another way to make toast taste even better

2nd tip

Serve with delicious, flavor-fresh PARKAY!

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Bon Ami Cake



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THE BOX WITH THE BOW ON TOP

The Epicure

ZUCCHINI
BY LOUIS PRIMA

I SUPPOSE that all of us have our favorite Italian dishes, and I have mine. I love to make them. I was born in Italy, and I have learned the secrets of cooking with that old Italian touch, so that the rest of us can still be happy.

Recently I had a party for my friends, and I had the New York style and I had the Italian style. I had the Italian style, and I had the New York style. I had the Italian style, and I had the New York style.

They loved and loved, and the more enterprising room-servers asked me where I had ever come across the recipe. I told them the story of my first experience with Zucchini some years ago. On that night I had brought a friend home and my mother had the Zucchini steaming on the table. The friend looked at it, and his eyes grew bigger. Mother explained to us what the ingredients were.

Then we tentatively took a forkful. After the first mouthful, the rest was easy we ate until we looked like green squash; later on we regretted the amount we had consumed, for mother brought out a huge chocolate cake and there was no room left.

To get back to the Zucchini. The basis of the whole dish is green squash. When the squash is in season, you can make a huge amount for a very cheap price. The squash can be made into a variety of dishes, but it is best served as a vegetable.

Since the squash, having on the outside skin, steam this with medium-sized chunks of American or



Louis Prima, Popular Band Leader, Was Born in New Orleans and Grew Up on Basin Street, the Cradle of Jazz. He Had His First Band When He Was 12 Years Old and Is Still Going Strong.

Provolone cheese in one-half cup water. Cover pan with a tight lid and cook for three-quarters of an hour, if three squashes are used—longer if you have used more.

In another pan, cut two large onions for each squash used and one large green pepper. Saute until brown and tender. When the squash and onions are finished, add Italian tomato sauce to the mixture. Put in a casserole, sprinkle grated cheese on top of the mixture, and bake for one-half hour in a moderate oven.

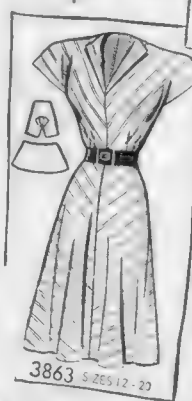
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**Dr. Scholl's
FOOT POWDER**

Thinking of Refinishing Your Old Furniture? Read Doris Denison's Column in this issue.

July 20, 1947

Keep Cool



By Sally Young

ARE these hot, humid days making you look like wilted lettuce?

No need to adopt a fatalistic attitude; make it a strong point to conquer the heat, to ignore the soaring mercury with blasé complacency.

Your best defense is looking cool. How to achieve this air-conditioned feeling? There are many techniques, but the most elementary one takes place in your tub.

Beauty Bath

THE bath, foundation of personal daintiness, can be a luxurious, soothing ritual. It can also be relaxing, and therefore beautifying, provided you take a little extra time out to enjoy the full benefits of a real "beauty bath."

A "beauty bath" is a pleasant soaking in a sweetly-scented tub. It can be "neath a blanket of foamy white bubbles or it can be in an oil-anointed bath, perfumed with any number of refreshing fragrances, from a sporty tweed to a gay flowery fragrance.

Have the tub lukewarm; then, ever so gradually, run cool-to-cold water into it. Your skin will tingle, a grand pepped-up feeling will ensue, and ice floes will have nothing on you.

After the bath, how about a cologne deodorant? Or if you prefer an odorless daintifier, follow it up with your favorite toilet water. Splash it on generously—on your neck, arms, legs and feet. Then finish with a light cloud of bath powder. It's a good idea to follow through with one fragrance to avoid a battle of scents.

Take It Along

THERE you are, looking and feeling unlike the dictates of the weather.

To prolong this precious coolness during the day, carry a flask of toilet water with you, wherever you go, and when the heat

seems to have an edge on you, sprinkle some of its cooling fragrance on your wrists, arms and temples.

Neatness, too, will help in simulating a fresh-as-a-flower look. Keep your hair neatly tucked in place. A good quick-drying setting lotion may help you there. Wear your hair becomingly, preferably off the neck and ears.

Keep your clothes clean, fresh and neat looking. Nothing makes you wilt faster than a wilted look. Wear cool-looking colors—like mint green or blues.

Other cooling advice: Scents have a psychological effect on our cooling systems, so use lighter perfumes; store your exotic scents in a dark, airtight cupboard, for safekeeping until next winter.

A few drops of flowery cologne on your pillow case helps on stifling nights.

Soothe your feet with an ice-cold "cologne" with a menthol base.

Hair Rinse

Yolk of egg rinse: To help keep blond hair blond, a yolk of egg rinse can be used with good results unless the person is allergic to eggs. Beat the yolk of a strictly fresh egg and add to it a cup of cool water. After the hair has been washed and rinsed thoroughly of all soap, pour the egg mixture over the entire head and hair. Rub it well into the scalp and on the hair. Rinse it off with clear water. Some girls who use this egg treatment further highlight their hair by giving it a final rinse with witch hazel, and some just substitute half a cup of witch hazel for the cup of water when adding it to the beaten egg yolk.

Sally Young may be addressed at The America Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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| ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide | ☐ (7) Hand Care |
| ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes | ☐ (8) Day After |
| ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure | ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise |
| ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs | ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair |

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JIMMY STEWART

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JIMMY: Greetings, Mr. Quaker. You know, one of the good things of life is a pleasant breakfast, so here's to even bigger and better success for your rice shot from guns.

QUAKER MAN: Thanks, Jimmy, for your good wishes. It is a fact that today more folks than ever before are enjoying Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies for breakfast. That's because the most important thing about a food is quality. And only the premium grains of rice are selected for Sparkies. Then these choice premium grains are shot from guns, actually exploded to 8 times normal size. So they come out big pump glorified breakfast grains the whole family loves.



JIMMY: Those grains sure have an eye-ful of appetite appeal, Mr. Quaker.

QUAKER MAN: Yes, Jimmy, Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies with some milk and fruit makes a wonderful breakfast. But folks should remember this—to get the original, crisp, fresh Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies, always look for the big red and blue Quaker package. It's never sold in bags or bulk. What's more Sparkies has the additional food value of natural grain amounts of Vitamin B₁, Niacin and Iron restored. So for the best, insist on Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies.

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REFINISHING Old Furniture



A SHABBY old wooden chair or chest which has good lines, and is in good repair, can be turned into a distinctive piece of furniture. To perform this transformation you will need a few simple tools and supplies, a place in which to work, and a fair share of spare time. Most of all, you will need patience and determination.

Removing Old Finish
THERE is an element of mystery and excitement in removing an old finish. Who knows what lovely grain of wood may lie beneath!

First, apply paint and varnish-remover to a small area with a brush. Let it stand until the finish softens and bubbles up. Then lift off the old finish with a putty knife or scraper, being careful not to gouge into the wood. Places which are hard to get at with a scraper may be wiped off with a piece of old rag.

Finish one section before going on to another. It may be necessary to apply the remover a second or third time before all the old finish is completely removed.

Wipe the surface thoroughly with denatured alcohol or turpentine to clean up all traces of old finish and remover.

Wear a pair of old gloves for this job, spread down plenty of papers, and work in a well-ventilated room.

Preparing Wood

THE next step, after the wood is thoroughly dry, is to sandpaper it. You are on your own here. Let your enthusiasm be your guide. A true craftsman will sand the surface of the wood to satin smoothness.

Wrap fine sandpaper around a block of wood for the flat surfaces and rub lightly with the grain.

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| (23) Sewing for the Nursery | (128) Dressing Table Covers |
| (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug | (129) Dining Room Leaflets |
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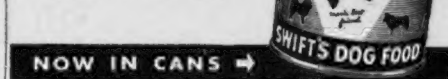
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This Side of Innocence
by Taylor Caldwell

AMALIE, the whispered-about daughter of a drunken ne'er-do-well sold herself into a marriage with wealth and position. Only one man could threaten the security of this ravishing minx—the wastrel half-brother of her husband. And when these two, the wanton and the wastrel, found themselves whirled into a lawless passion that defied every rule of honor, their world threatened to crumble about them. The Philadelphia Inquirer called *This Side of Innocence* "a masterful piece of story-telling... pulsing with life." This famous best seller, the talk of the nation is soon to be made into a \$2,000,000 screen epic!

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Please enroll me free as a Dollar Book Club subscriber and send me my two introductory membership books, "This Side of Innocence" and "In a Dark Garden"—both for \$1.00. With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "The Bulletin," telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and several additional bargains which are offered for \$1.00* each to members only. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following months' selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the Special Club price of \$1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. I pay nothing except \$1.00 for each selection received plus a few cents handling and shipping cost.

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You need send no money now. Upon receipt of the attached coupon you will immediately be sent the Double Book Package consisting of "This Side of Innocence" and "In a Dark Garden." As a new member, you will be billed a total of only \$1.00 for BOTH books.

Then, every other month, you will receive the Club's descriptive folder called The Bulletin. The Bulletin describes the forthcoming two months' book selections. It also reviews about ten additional titles (in the original publishers' editions selling at retail for \$2.50 or more) available to members at only \$1.00 each. You may purchase either or both of the two new selections for \$1.00 each, or neither. Or, you may purchase any of the other titles offered for \$1.00 each. The bargains are there—but only if you want them!

Join Now—Send No Money
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Under present conditions, we don't know for how long we may be able to make this extraordinary offer. Therefore we urge you to act now. When you receive "This Side of Innocence" and "In a Dark Garden" and consider that these are typical of the values you are privileged to buy for only \$1.00 each, you will be more than happy to have joined the club. Mail the coupon today.

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